BRUTUS
OF
ALBA:
OR, THE
Enchanted Lovers.
A
TRAGEDY.
Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *N. TATE.*

——*Neque ut te miretur Turba, Labores.* Hor.

Licensed *July* 15. 1678. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,
Printed by *E. F.* for *Jacob Tonson*, at the Sign of the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street.* 1678.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

AND

One of the GENTLEMEN

OF HIS

Majestie's *Bed-Chamber.*

My Lord,

THAT I am permitted to lay this TRAGEDY at your Lordship's Feet, transports me more then the greatest Success on the Stage could have done. I confess the Scenes are very imperfect, yet as First-fruits I hope they may prove a gratefull Offering. 'Tis by your influence that Poetry flourishes in our Age; and therefore no wonder if Poets throng to make you their Acknowledgements, and Dedicate their Labours at your Shrine. By the Excellencies of your Lordships Mind they form their best *Heroes*, and oblige the World with Characters of Men both Great and Courteous.

Whilſt other Judges (like Uſurpers in Fame) are jealous of every new Pretender to the Bays, and labour to Cruſh 'em in their firſt Appearance; your Lordſhip as the lawfull Monarch of Wit, ſits ſecure in your Native Right, aſſur'd that where-ever they gather their Lawrels, thoſe on your Lordſhips Brow are Sacred and Inviolable. Such is the Accuracy of your Judgment in Poetry, ſo Correct your Performances when you condeſcend to Write, that the moſt perfect Authors muſt be gratefull for your Approbation: yet ſo vaſt is your Candour, as to afford Protection to the Eſſays of even my weak Fancy. But though I am the leaſt of thoſe that are bleſt with your Lordſhips Favour, yet I am above 'em all Happy in This, that I ſtand the greateſt Inſtance of your Goodneſſe.

Your Lordſhips

Devoted Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

PREFACE

I *Wou'd not have the Reader surpriz'd to find this* Tragedy *bear some Resemblance with the passages of the Fourth Book of the* Æneids, *for I had begun and finisht it under the Names of* Dido *and* Æneas; *but was wrought by advice of some Friends, to Transform it to the Dress it now wears. They told me it wou'd appear Arrogant to attempt any Characters that had been written by the Incomparable* Virgil; *and therefore (though sensible enough of what I should lose by the Change) I chose to suffer any Inconvenience rather then be guilty of a breach of Modesty. The Man of Wit is seldome a Friend to a young Writer; but no such Mortal Foe to a New Authour as your Man of Noise: who is still the more to be fear'd the less he is able to judge: as 'tis observ'd when a Criminal falls into the Hands of the* Rabble, *those are the most forward to worry him that least understand his Offence. Our loudest* Critiques *are generally Pleas'd or Displeas'd with what is least Material in a Play, or perhaps not so much as a Part of it; for sometimes* Five good Acts *have not been able to make amends for* One ill Dance. *If the Sense of the Lines prove too close and weighty for their* Tender Intellects, *they hold themselves affronted, and the* Poet *must answer it at his Peril: but if he commit the Capital crime of inserting* Learning *into his* Play, *it were convenient*

that his Will were made, and some Brother *of the Faculty immediately set to work on his* Epitaph. *Sir* Formal *got rid of the* Silk-weavers *with* much Contusion, *and* Cinna *in* Julius Cæsar, *scap't with some Rubbs, and being hoist on a Cowl-staff; but to be* Cu'witted *is the least that an Authour in the 'foresaid case can expect.*

——Invenias disjecti Membra Poetæ.

This one would think sufficient to reclaim 'em, but experience shews us that Poetry is such a stubborn sort of Fanaticism, as is never to be rooted out by Persecution.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Y'ave met us in defiance of the Weather:
How has our Magick Conjur'd ye together?
'Twas a New Play, there doubtless lay the Charm
That drew to our forsaken Hive this Swarm.
To sooth your Humour more what could we doe?
The Play to Night is New, the Poet too.
He, though an early Trespasser in Rhime,
Ne'r Climb'd the Stage before, and judg'd this Time
For his first Venture safest, when the Road
Was clear, the Pirate Wits dispersed abroad:
He hop't whilst you to th' Countrey were withdrawn,
T' have found an easie Jury of the Town;
But is surpriz'd to see an awefull Pit
Met to Arraign him by the Laws of Wit;
Laws ne'r perform'd by Mortal Writer yet.
Witches and Spells the former Age believ'd,
And as Authentick on the Stage receiv'd:
Our Poet fears they'l hardly pass with you,
Who no Charms but in Beauty will allow!
Yet since such Lovers, Knaves, and Fools, have been
Shewn on the Stage, as elsewhere ne'r were seen;
Why shou'd his Hagg's forc't Characters appear?
'Cause your nice Reason doubts if Witches are!
He with a trembling Hand their Jargons *wrote*
The Entertainment of his Mid-night Thought:
Meanwhile his Fancy, like a tender Bride,
With th' Exercise lay Pleas'd and terrifi'd.
With ease his Beldames Tempests Raise and Lay,
But cou'd contrive no Spell to save the Play.
Their Art keeps Fiends in awe, and makes 'em Civil,
But Critiques *spight of Fate will play the Devil.*

The

The Persons.

Brutus, Prince of the *Dardan* Forces.
Locrinus, His Son, A Youth.
Asaracus, Favourite to the Prince.
Soziman, A Designing Lord, a *Syracusian*.

Women.

Queen of *Syracuse*.
Amarante, Her Confident.
Ragusa, A Sorceress.
Four Women, Her Attendants.

Two Ambassadours.
Officers and Sailers.
Messengers.
Captain of the Queen's Guards.

SCENE *Syracuse.*

Brutus of Alba.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT the First.

The Curtain drawn, discovers the Queen, Amarante, Brutus, Soziman, *and Attendants.*

Bru. WEe'l sacrifice to the obliging Storm
That lodg'd us on this Hospitable Coast;
O Realm belov'd of heaven, Glory of Nations,
Whose Vertue vies with Mortals of first Ages,
E're lust of power in open discord flam'd,
And wak'd the slumbring World into Alarms.
Qu. Whilst suffering worth and exil'd vertue find
Reception here, what do we more then pay
A debt by Nature's law from Nations due?
But Prince, you bring more then a common claim,
Fame, worthy of your noble Ancestors———
There's magick in his Language, Looks and Meen! [*Aside.*
How has my hospitality betray'd me!
Permit me not just powers to perish by
The goodness you enjoyn——the impetuous passion
Storms at my Heart——but I shall stand the shock.
Bru. Since the untimely fate of my *Eudemia,*
Grief so congeal'd my Breast I thought no glance [*Aside.*
Cou'd thaw me, but I melt before those Eyes.

Qu. His griefs like miſts riſe ſilent from his Breaſt,
And ſettle in a Cloud upon his Brow.
Conſide Sir in the pow'rs that favour vertue,
The remnant of your Fleet may yet be ſafe.
Bru. I'm ſcap't to ſhore, but my beſt Treaſure's loſt,
My Friend, the ſharer of my heart and toyls!
When preſt by rav'nous Death, devouring dangers,
To him as to an Altar I repair'd
For refuge as t'an Oracle for Counſel:
His worth's large ſtory wou'd conſume the day,
Oh he engroſt the vertues of mankind,
Pious as *Flamens*, and for Martial deeds
A greater ſtrove not on the *Phrygian* Plains.
Oft watchfull in his Tent he paſt the night,
Projecting th' Enemies ſlaughter, while they ſlept
Dreaming perhaps of Vict'ry.
None better knew the well-rang'd Files to force,
And clear a breach for rout and general ruine:
Or if with too unequal pow'r oppreſt,
How would he manage his reſerves o'th' War;
His rallying Troops in firm Battalion fix,
And ſhield the gaſping Battle to the laſt!
His grov'ling Squadrons ſtiff with cooling gore
His voice cou'd quicken, to renew the Fray,
Forcing the greedy fates to wait, till they
Had ſnatcht a Conqueſt——but my zeal I find
Grows talkative and rude——your Pardon Madam.
Qu. Proceed brave Prince, there's muſick i'th' relation.
Your Friend lives fam'd whileſt you ſurvive t'avouch
His wondrous worth in more ſurprizing ſtreins.
Bru. By your indulgence I'le reſume the theam,
In which my fond ſoul is with pleaſure loſt.
In Child-hood years with liſping Tongue I ſwore
With this *Aſaracus* eternal friendſhip,
As my prophetick mind preſag'd how much
My future toyls would ſuch a Partner need;
For when Youth's Down firſt flowr'd upon my Cheek
(Whilſt practiſing i'th' Chace the ſtubborn Bow)
I ſhot at Rovers, and by fatal chance
My Royal Father ſlew, an exile then

To *Greece* with my *Aſaracus* I fled,
Where having found remains o'th' *Dardan* Race
By *Grecian* Tyranny oppreſt, we rag'd,
Became their Chiefs, and led the ill-treated Tribe
To th' Deſart Hills, where ſought by *Pandraſus*
Forth from our Mount'nous holds we ſallied down
And chas'd his ſcattered Legion to the Cliffs,
Where plunging in the deep they ſhun'd our fury.
This my *Aſaracus* perform'd.
Next Morn' the Tyrant terms of peace propos'd,
Free paſſage from his Coaſts, with all our pow'rs
In Squadrons cull'd from the *Eubæan* Fleet;
With the firſt winde we ſail'd, but having paſt
The Sound ——— forgive an interrupting tear,
My dear *Eudemia* ſickened —— dyed
Qu. I'm loſt! [*Aſide.*
Vain as I was to tempt ſuch charming ſorrow.
Bru. At *Delos* firſt we toucht, where with due rites
We approach't the Orac'lous ſhrine, whilſt from the Cave
(In ſounds that ſhook the Fane) the God pronounc'd
To *Albion*, *Brutus*, bend thy naval courſe,
Fate gives that ſeat of Empire; mighty toils
Attend thy way, and thou ſhalt be divorc't
From what thou hold'ſt moſt dear — that laſt dire Clauſe
Boded the loſs of my *Aſaracus*.
Thus Niggard Deſtiny by halves oblig'd me,
Gave me dull Empire while it ſnatcht my friend.

Enter an Attendant and ſpeaks.

Attend. Madam, the Ambaſſadors demand your audience,
Imperious and impatient of delay.
Qu. Admit 'em.
Soz. Theſe Warlikes Gueſts at length may prove our Lords, [*Aſide.*
If no reſenting *Syracuſian* frame
Some timely project to ſupplant their pow'r;
Each hour aſſaults me with a freſh temptation
To take th'important task in hand, ſure time
Muſt uſher my deſigns from their dark Cell
Well form'd, and fair as Nature from the Chaos.

Enter the Ambaſſadors.

1. *Amb.* From the *Agrigentine* Court we are arriv'd;
Our charge is ſhort, but bears a weighty ſenſe,
Our King by us demands your Love or War.
2. *Amb.* The ſeaſons both of Peace and Arms alike
Conduce to ſwell his Glory, for he wears
With equal grace his Olive Wreaths and Lawrel.
1. *Amb.* 'Tis in your choice to rule him or obey,
To mount or follow his Triumphant Carr,
To wear his bands of Conqueſt or of Love,
To enſure your own and ſhare a greater Crown,
Or fall from Empire tender'd and poſſeſt.
Qu. Your ſervile flatteries have ſure pufft up
Your Monarch to a ſelf-reputed God,
He courts like *Jove*, with thunder in his hand:
But let him draw our juſt War on his Head,
'Tis odds wee'l undeceive the flatter'd Mortal:
Let him approach like *Mars* in ruffled Dreſs,
His griſly Curls deform'd with duſt and gore,
Or like the *Idean* Youth with Locks perfum'd,
Fragrant and chearfull as the riſing Day,
We bid defiance to his threats and charms;
I weigh not of a grain his love and rage,
My leiſure Theams of laughter and diſdain.
1. *Amb.* Think how your infant Town defenceleſs lies,
An eaſie plunder for the next Invader.
Qu. Your ſtorming threats are calm'd into advice;
Your caution (though impertinent) was kind;
But to the Gods and her own Citizens
Leave *Syracuſe*, ſhe like the World's firſt Worthies
Wars naked, as *Alcides* in his Cradle,
When the Infant-God diſarm'd the hiſſing foes,
And chain'd the Captive ſnakes in their own Folds.
2. *Amb.* Your paſſion has had ſcope, and now we wait
Your more conſiderate and final anſwer.
Qu. To your Imperious Prince bear this reply,
Bid him deſpair both of my Heart and Crown,
Be th' God of War the *Cupid*, which he brings,

Yet

Yet ſhall not Conqueſt his deſigns ſecure;
For ſhould the chance of War leave me the loſer
I'de fly to fate to ſhun his loath'd embrace,
And in death's brazen ho'ds make ſafe retreat.

1. *Amb.* Then for the laſt extreams of War prepare,
Deſpair not to enjoy that death you covet. [*Exeunt Ambaſſad.*

Soz. I knew their Embaſſie brought Love or War;
With their hot Maſter I'le divide the Queen;
Her Perſon be his prize, her Sceptre mine,
His Luſt of beauty and my luſt of pow'r
At once ſhall ryot on their ſeveral Quarries.

Enter ſome of the Guards bringing in Locrinus.

Locr. Keep diſtance ſlaves, who offers at my Sword
Graſps certain death, your vile Hands ſhall not ſoil it,
I will reſign it, but the nobleſt way,
And yield it with my Life an Offering here.
[*Kneels, and lays it at the Queens feet.*

Qu. What means this bloudy Steel laid at my Feet?

Guard. Young *Hylax* Son to this old Lord,
Lies ſlain i'th' Cloyſters by this Princes hand.

Soz. My *Hylax* ſlain! and his bold murderer
Come reeking in his gore to dare the Law?
But I with more aſſurance could not move
The Gods for Juſtice, then the Queen I ſerve!
I'le uſe no Rhetorick, no Invectives ſeek [*Kneels.*
To aggravate my wrongs; All, all I crave
Is that the Queen would view that Bloud, theſe Tears!

Brn. True, he's my Son, the fruit of my firſt Love,
Joy of *Eudemia*'s Life, her dying care,
Our Countries hopes, and ſole heir of my War,
Yet for his breach of hoſpitality
I yield him up to Law.

Qu. Diſaſtrous chance!
Speak Prince, how kill'd you *Hylax*?

Locr. With my ſword.

Qu. The occaſion of the fray?

Locr. Warm in debate
He ſtruck me, then before I cou'd return,

The blow, he drew, I drew, he thruſt, I thruſt,
And like a *Trojan* paſs'd him through the heart.
Qu. To his own raſhneſs then impute his Fate.
To doom the Princes death for ſelf-defence
Wou'd be to murder with the ſword of Juſtice.
But to convince you of the ſtrong regard [*To* Soziman.
Which our deſerving Subjects find with us,
We to your care our Cittadel commit,
Full Succeſſor to our late General's Honours.
Soz. I bluſh and bow beneath the mighty grace!
Now my deſigns take life, I'm now empow'rd [*Aſide.*
To do my ſelf that juſtice ſhe refus'd.
To my ambition too 'twill give pretence,
Make it approv'd, as gen'rous brave revenge
That elſe had been deteſted Treaſon ſtil'd.
Thus ſpecious forms give fouleſt crimes applauſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Aſaracus *attended by Sailers.*

Bru. Aſaracus——my griefs convert to rapture!
Support me or the Ecſtaſie will kill me.
Aſar. Your Squadron's ſafe arriv'd the ſhore, and I
To my Lords ſacred breaſt.
Bru. There ſhalt thou grow,
Nor will I more be wrackt with fears to loſe thee;
Go kneel unto this hoſpitable Queen,
And take her bleſſing thankfully as Heavens.
[*Preſents him to the Queen, and then ſpeaks aſide.*
A ſecret fear ſprings up to damp my joy,
And checks my tranſport for my friends arrival.
The cauſe too obvious is, I love this Queen;
And the ſoft *Cupid* at his preſence ſhrinks:
He never will be won t'endulge my paſſion!
Yet——why ſhou'd he be Judge of what I ſuffer?
He's ſtern, and never felt a pang of Love,
Can gaze unhurt on beautie's fulleſt blaze,
That blinds my weaker ſight and makes me ſtray!
But theſe are dreams, I'le rowze and ſhake 'em off.
Lucr. O Tutor great in Arms, the Gods can tell [*To* Aſar.
How oft your Martial precepts I revolv'd,

How

How punctual to each Mornings Exerciſe;
But oh! when I conceiv'd you loſt, it dampt
The glory I preſag'd i'th' *Albian* War
To think you liv'd not witneſs of my Fame,
To ſee me copy out your Rules in Bloud,
When I no more ſhould hear you tell of Battels,
Nor take new flames from your applauſe, nor in
Your Arms be claſpt, and call'd your Royal Charge.
Bru. Once more let my embraces lock thee faſt,
And chain my deareſt bleſſing to my heart.
Teach me to make thy merit ſome return,
I wou'd not die ungratefull——take my glories,
The Scepter from my Hand, or Lawrel from my Brow.
Aſa. That were a ſacriledge! as ſoon I'le wreſt
The Thund'rers lifted bolts, your Souldier knows
No greater bleſſing then laid proſtrate thus,
To kiſs thoſe Feet that with ſure ſpeed have trod
The loftieſt tracks of Glory.
Bru. Riſe my Friend;
And briefly tell the accidents befell thee,
Since we were ſcatter'd on the *Ionian* Floud.
Aſa. When by the Tempeſt from the Squadrons ſnatcht,
We paſs'd the *Harpyan Strophades* to gain
Zacynthus Port, where having come t'a Road
The Surges topt us, and a Northern guſt
From th' head Lands faln to Leeward drove us out;
Thus without Sun twelve times twelve hours we hull'd,
Till the *Ledæan* Twins in Lambent flames
Pearcht on our Shrowds, whilſt we the Omen bleſt,
And with warm Entrails (their Lov'd ſacrifice)
Appeas'd the fretted Waves; with the next Light
Pachynus promontories we deſcry'd,
Where landing near the point,
We kneel'd and jointly Hail'd th'auſpicious Shore.
Thence Coaſting the vaſt Cliffs, *Elorus* Bay
We gain'd, where certified of your arrival,
Our clamours ſhook the Rocky Theatre.
Rouz'd *Tritons* from the Floud breaſt high appear'd,
Gaz'd wondring round, and to the deep retir'd.
Bru. Our ſelf will thither inſtantly repair,

To cheer the dear Companions of our voyage,
And bleſs the Gods as loud as the Storm rag'd.
[*Exit* Brutus, Aſaracus, *cum ſuis.*
Qu. All but my *Amarante* be withdrawn——
Come near; this diſtance is unkind, we are
Not Queen and Subject now, but Friend and Friend.
Thou haſt my heart and ne'er deceiv'ſt my ear;
Tell me the preſent rumours of the State,
And how our *Syracuſians* ſtand affected
To our reception of this Royal ſtranger?
Am. Content ſmiles on each *Syracuſian*'s Brow,
Who for the ſafety of our Widdow'd Realm
Wait your Eſpouſals with your Royal Gueſt,
To wed your Perſons and your States together;
For this the ſuppliant Crowd to th'Altars throng,
Where with religious violence and joint prayers
They ſtorm and preſs the Heavens into compliance.
Qu. Their prayers are impious and their zeal rebellion;
But thou more impious to approve their wiſhes;
Thou to ſeduce me to a ſecond Love,
Thou that art conſcious to my midnight vows
Of conſtancy to my departed Lord,
Whoſe Genius I with nightly worſhip meet,
Crown his dear Urn, and at his Tomb keep State,
Whilſt hallow'd Nymphs ſucceſſively attend,
And through the Cell eternal Tapers ſhine.
Am. I told (at your command) your peoples wiſhes,
But were my private choice approv'd, the Queen
Should hold her *Syracuſian* State intire,
Not blend it with the ſtrangers broken fortunes,
But baniſh from the Court the dangerous gueſts
To ſeek their promis'd Empire through the Main.
Qu. This is a worſe extream! rather then cruel
Be falſe, 'tis in our tender Sex a crime
More natural——yet were thy Nature ſavage,
My ſoft example might at leaſt have wrought
Some change, a tame bred Tygreſs will forget
Her fierceneſs, and domeſtick mildneſs take.
Am. Yet whilſt you charge me with a Tygreſs Heart,
Grant me at leaſt——to have a Woman's Eyes!

Qu. Ha

Qu. Ha weepſt thou tender Maid! this gentle Show'r
Has laid the Storm that would have wreckt my quiet.
Excuſe the ravings of my feav'riſh mind,
If I am difficult and wayward grown,
Impute my frowardneſs to my Diſeaſe!
Support me dear Companion on thy Breaſt,
Thoſe Pillows yield me eaſe in every pain.
The reſtleſs Secret in my Boſome ſtrives,
But when 'tis toil'd with beating in the Cage,
It will grow tame and ſleep.

Am. For what offence
Am I abridg'd the dear and wonted freedom
To ſhare your cares? To Fav'rites more eſteem'd
Your ſmiles and happier hours you may diſpenſe,
But to your griefs I claim the firſt acceſs;
My friendſhip early ſought that priviledge,
Obtain'd the grace and nought beyond aſpir'd.

Qu. Oh *Amarante* guardian of my Breaſt,
Heaven ſo indulge my hopes as well I know
Thy truth, thy wondrous truth, and prize it dear!
So oft (beyond the ſuff'rance even of Friendſhip)
I've pierc't thee with complaints of my hard fate,
Wounded thy tender Soul with tales of ſorrow,
As none but *Amarante* wou'd bear with me;
Yet (now I ſhould diſcharge thee from thy toil)
Impoſe a new and heavier task of grief,
To mourn with my unhappineſs of folly,
I am grown frail——and love——

Ama. What you are pleas'd
Thus darkly to deliver, were in me
Preſumption to expound.

Qu. Ah kind diſſembler,
Rather then chide, thou wilt not ſeem to know
My frailty, but thy troubled Bluſhes give
That juſt Reproof this partial Tongue withholds!
I know thou wouldſt be ſhockt with the relation,
But now I've told my grief I am at eaſe.
I wanted but thy aid to check my fears,
And cruſh the danger e're 'thas ſtrength to wound.

This tender Cupid *in his Cradle dies,*
Nor ſhall he move me with his ſmiles or cries:
From's infant Hand I'le wreſt the poiſon'd Dart,
And ſtab the little Tyrant to the Heart. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter Soziman *with the Ambaſſadors.*

Soz. MY Lords, preſume not of an eaſy Conqueſt,
Corrupted States lull'd in ſecurity,
When with Alarms into confuſion rouz'd,
Are ſackt with eaſe in their diſorder'd fright;
Not ſo our *Syracuſe* that nightly watches
And ever wakes to danger.

1. *Amb.* Let her wake.
When we aſſault wee'd find her on her Guard.

Soz. Beſide, the Prince's Pow'rs aſſiſt her now,
Troops fed by Rapine, and whoſe Trade is War.
Maſters of Arms th'uncertain Fray decline,
And foil by Stratagem a pow'rfull Foe.
Suppoſe I point your Prince a bloudleſs Path
To his deſigns, and without danger, lodge
Th'impatient Youth in this coy Queen's embrace?

2. *Amb.* Think not old *Syracuſian* that we doat
Like thee, to credit a proteſting Foe.

Soz. My Lords, to give you a reſiſtleſs proof
That I am ſerious, know, 'tis intereſt.
Self-intereſt and revenge are the ſure Springs
That drive my Wheel, and give my Projects motion:
I am abus'd into Diſloyalty,

And

And like a Torrent from my channel forc't
Where peacefully I roll'd, will now bear down
And lay all waſte where my diverted Current falls.
1. *Amb.* Say then what method will you chuſe t'effect
Your glorious Crime?
Soz. A method ſafe and ſpeedy,
The Cittadel is in my pow'r, and that
Commands the Town below; if then your Prince
Conſpire with my deſign, let him convey
A truſty Legion hither, which by Night
I will admit into the Palace, where
The Queen may be ſurpriz'd.
2. *Amb.* 'Tis well deſign'd,
And we ſtand Sureties for our King.
Soz. But ſtay,
Our Terms of Compact be agreed on firſt;
None are unjuſt or juſt but for Reward:
I'll ſell my vertue, but I'll rate it dear,
I will poſſeſs the Crown which I betray,
When I renounce my Loyalty I'le Reign.
1. *Amb.* Yours be the Sceptre then, provided you
Submit to hold it of our King.
Soz. Agreed.
Thus kneel we then t'invoke the conſcious Pow'rs,
And with our claſhing Swords the Contract bind.
Now that keen Steel be ſheath'd i'th' Owners Breaſt
That ſtarts from his giv'n Promiſe.
Both Amb. We have Sworn. [*Ex. the Ambaſſadors.*
Soz. Thus far I drive not but am driven, and glide
On a ſmooth Current into glorious Ills.
The Court are bound to Morrow for the Chaſe,
Old as I am I will be firſt in Field,
There to conſult the Sorc'reſs at her Cave,
To my dark Plots her darker Counſels join.
The rig'rous *Amarante* may receive
My Suit, when in Imperial Robes I woo.
Fortune ſets me at once Love and a Crown,
And boldly I reſolve to throw at both. [*Exit.*

Enter Aſaracus *muſing.*

Aſa. She's Fair! all Beauteous——but what's that to me?
Nature ſeems curious to have made her Charms
Excell; but why ſhould that diſturb my Quiet?
'Tis mean! I'le not endure't! my warlike Heart
Become at laſt a wanton *Cupid*'s Toy!
He curls about me, but I'le tear his Hold,
I'le bear the ſoft Enchanter to the Camp,
And ſcare him with Alarms: hee'l quit me then.

Enter Amarante.

The Charming Foe appears; I'le bear up roughly,
And make a bold Reprizal of my Heart——
Stay Madam, I have buſineſs of Importance,
A Secret to impart.
Ama. To me Sir?
Aſa. Yes.
'Tis a Diſcovery I have lately made,
(A truth that ne'er cou'd gain with me till now)
That——Lovers Hearts will ake!
Ama. And call you this Diſcovery?
Aſa. A moſt ſurprizing one to me, I thought
Their Smart and Pangs were meer Imaginations,
They ſigh'd, and wept, and ſwore, and rav'd of Wounds
Inviſible; I prais'd the Mimick Craft,
With wonder ſaw the pale Youth's trembling Viſit:
The tend'reſt, gentleſt Creatures Nature frames!
But I am now ſeiz'd with the Frenzy too;
And charge you with my ſuff'rings; you have wrong'd me,
Poſſeſt me with a fond and fooliſh Pain
Which I deſpiſe;——Yet truſt me, 'tis uneaſie!
Ama. How various are his Forms! this *Protean* Love
Sighs with the Silent, with the Frolick ſmiles,
Weeps with the Soft, and in the Souldier ſtorms.
The Wrongs you accuſe me of, I nor deſign'd
Nor knew, if you are ſerious, charge not me
With what I cou'd not help.

Aſa. By

Asa. By *Mars* nor I.
But if my folly shou'd grow troublesome,
As you are mercifull indulge it not,
It will divert me from pursuit of Glory;
Whate're my fawning Passion may pretend
Believe it not, for I was never form'd
For Love, but bred i'th' Camp, rockt in a Shield,
And cannot take the softness Beauty craves;
Want all the little Arts to please the Fair.
Ama. I am at once provokt to Smile and Rage.
Asa. I do not think I shall again offend you
With Talk of my rough-cast unpolisht Love,
But if I shou'd——Oh to my Fame be just,
Disdain my Suit and frown me into silence.
Ama. Despair not of so cheap a Charity.
You'l find me Sir, reserv'd as you cou'd wish.
Asa. I thank thee——now I grow my self again;
The peevish Pain has rag'd it self asleep
To wake no more: 'twas a tormenting Fit.
Ama. His surly Passion bears so odd a Grace,
It charms me more then all the smiling Loves;
But I am sworn impartial Foe to all. [*Exit.*

Enter Brutus *with* Soziman.

Soz. My Lord, the Queen invites you to the Chase
I'th' Morn'.
Bru. Wee'l wait her Majesty to the Field. [*Exit* Soziman.
Asa. To th' Chase? I like it not; I have seen nothing
That shakes my temper more then that old Lord;
Mischief and Destiny low'r on his Brow.
Bru. O my *Asaracus*, how much I fear'd
On what the *Delian* God presag'd, that I
Shou'd be divorc't from what I held most Dear,
The hasty Fates had cruelly perform'd
In snatching thee——ye Pow'rs secure my Friend,
And from your promis'd Empire be absolv'd.
Asa. Perish a Legion noblest Lives then mine,
E're *Brutus* be from th' *Albian* Isle diverted;
Your rich Loins hold an endless Race of Kings,

Fair *Albion* of their Reign th'Eternal Seat,
Albion, that in the Flouds erects her Cliffs
Sits Queen o'th' Seas, whilſt the aw'd Nations round
At diſtance wait, and in their mutual Jarrs
From this great Arbitreſs take Law; their States
She poizes, and to Each deals equal Power.
Bru. Thou ſpeak'ſt my Friend as thou wert ſtill at *Delos*
One of th' Orac'lous Tribe, whilſt hallow'd Wine
Had ſteept thy Breaſt for the Inſpiring God.
Aſa. *Alcander* in the late Storm was Embarqu't
With me, you know him by Deſcent inclin'd
To Prophecie, and like his Sire Inſpir'd:
O'th' ſuddain I obſerv'd him knit his Brow,
Look wild, ſtart, laugh, and grow compos'd again.
Then proſtrate fall'n lay breathleſs, till anon
The Rapture fluſht him, and his Dancing Bloud
Glow'd through his Veins: thus wrapt, in wond'rous Stile
The Fates of future Ages he Divin'd,
Prodigious Glories that i'th' *Albian* Iſle
Wait noble *Brutus* and his Progeny:
The Conſcious Storm with rev'rend Silence heard
The Prophet ſpeak, and then reſum'd its Fury.
Bru. Thou fir'ſt my Soul, mak'ſt Glory dart upon me
So fierce, I muſt have Reſpite or expire.
At leiſure I will hear of this at large,
The Queen approaches now, this Paſſage leads
T' *Argaces* Cell, where nightly ſhe repairs,
There to Devotion ſhe converts her Love,
And treats her dead Lords Genius like a God,
With fragrant Flow'rs and Gumms then Flow'rs more ſweet
Perfumes his Vault, believes him there inviſible
And pleas'd with her Officious Piety.
Aſa. It ſhews her ſtrange Regard to the Diſeas'd.
Bru. Regard! *Aſaracus*, call't not Regard,
'Tis Superſtition, Fondneſs, Zeal miſguided,
And pity 'tis but ſhe were undeceiv'd.
Aſa. But why my Lord ſhou'd her miſtake offend
Your Quiet?
Bru. Ha! whilſt I accuſe her weakneſs [*Aſide.*
How has my fooliſh Heart betray'd its own!

'Tis

'Tis true, it was in me a wild Concern.
No more———good Reſt my Friend.
Aſa. Permit me wait you in.
Bru. I wou'd be private. [*Ex. Severally.*

The Scene opening diſcovers Argaces *Tomb deckt with Armory and Wreaths of Lawrel; a Prieſteſs clad in White, at each Corner, they round the Tomb ſcattering Flowers and ſinging the following Stanza's. The Queen kneels at ſome diſtance.*

I.

Sleep ye great Manes *of the Dead,*
Whilſt our Solemn Round we Tread,
Whilſt at our Cell as at a Shrine,
We nightly wait with Rites Divine;
Whilſt to adorn the Tomb we bring
The earlieſt Glories of the Spring,
And Sweeteſt Softeſt Anthems Sing;
The Floor with hallow'd Drops Bedewing,
And all around freſh Roſes Strewing.

II.

Ye Guardian Powers that here reſort,
For ever make this Cell your Court;
If devouteſt Pray'rs invite ye,
Or Sabæan *Gumms delight ye,*
Then make this Sacred Urn your Care,
And nightly to this Cell repair,
To Feaſt on Frankincenſe and Pray'r.
Around we goe the Floor bedewing,
Violets, Pinks, and Roſes Strewing.

After the Song all retire but the Queen.

Qu. Hail, ever hail, ye ſacred dear Remains
Of my *Argaces!* Hail my firſt laſt Lord!
Accept thy Widow'd Queen's Religious Sorrow;

Her

Her reſtleſs Love purſues thee to thy Grave,
Nor glow'd more vig'rous in the genial Bed.
[*Riſes after a Pauſe.*
What ſudden Damp congeals my ſtreaming Language?
My ſtubborn Tongue refuſes to perform
Its practis'd Task! my Rebell Eyes withhold
Their wonted Tribute——This new Flame,
This feav'riſh Flame has drunk up all my Tears!
Whilſt my *Argaces* Genius I Invoke,
His Rival's Image on my Thought intrudes,
And from his Seat the rightfull Owner drives.

Enter Brutus.

Prince *Brutus?* or *Argaces* in his Shape
To tempt my Conſtancy? Heav'n! 'tis the Prince!
As at th' appearance of an Angel, I
Am Terrifi'd and Pleas'd! ——My Lord, this Viſit
(Not to impeach you of a Rudeneſs) is
Unſeas'nable at beſt and indiſcreet.
Bru. My Indiſcretion juſtly you impeach,
But who was e're a Lover and Diſcreet?
Give me my Eaſe again, my ſettled Mind,
And I'le again grow formally Diſcreet.
Speak fair Tormenter, when will you remit
My burning Pain? not one cheap Sigh or Tear
To cool or quench me?
Qu. Wave this wild Diſcourſe,
It ſtrikes like Blaſphemy a terrour through me.
Why heaves my Heart? I know my Vertue's ſtrong,
Yet dare not truſt the Magick of his Tongue;
'Tis ſweet, but Fatal as a *Syren*'s Song.
Bru. Or if you are reſolv'd on my Deſtruction,
Temper at leaſt Reluctance with your Juſtice,
And ſeem not to take pleaſure in my Ruine.
I wou'd not die with an accuſing Thought
Of you, but Bleſs you while you give me Death!
Qu. Ah! how the ſoft Temptation ſteals upon me! [*Aſide.*
But I'le not dally with the Smiling Danger,
Nor ſport with Fire ——Retire my Lord

As

As you regard a Queen's unſpotted Honour.
Bru. I, like a Miſer's Ghoſt, all the day long
Confin'd to Flames, and having made by ſtealth
A Mid-night Viſit to my Treaſure, am
From the dear Wealth untimely ſummon'd off
To howl Diſconſolate in Flames again.
Qu. Yet have the wretched comfort of the Damn'd,
Companions of your Woe.
Bru. Has then a ſpark of Love
Toucht that dear Breaſt? ah leſt the Snow that's there
Starve the weak kindling Fire.
Qu. I rave, I rave!
And in my Phrenſie had almoſt diſclos'd
The deareſt Secret of my Soul——be gone
Or by that Sacred Tomb——
Bru. I goe, and for a parting Lover
Make wondrous haſte, howe're you think me ſlow!
Oh wing'd with Hope I enter'd, but return
Stript of my Plumes, and cumber'd with Deſpair.
Qu. Replying ſtill?——Ingrateſull Prince farewell.
Bru. Stay Queen! Whirlwind and Thunder ſnatch me hence
E're I commit ſo dire a Crime
As t'interrupt your pious Rites;
Yet think not my Approach Rude or Prophane,
Ev'n at the Shrines of Gods we are allow'd
To tell our Griefs, and I deſign no more!
I crave no more then Piety may grant,
One tender Look, a pitying parting Sigh!
'Tis all my baniſht Soul has to ſuſtain her
'Till I'm reſtor'd to thoſe dear Eyes again!
Qu. What can I give, when Charity to you
Is perjury to my deceas'd *Argaces?*
Who never will remit the Right I gave,
But hoards my Vows like Treaſure in his Tomb.
Bru. Vows to the Dead are cancel'd when they're giv'n,
And with the Breath that form'd 'em blown away.
My Vows to my *Eudemia* equal yours,
Nor will her peaceſull happy Shade reproach me,
That I from you ſeek Bliſs ſhe cannot give!

Ghoſt of Agaces *riſes on the one ſide of the Tomb, Ghoſt of* Eudemia *on the other.*

Qu. Defend me Prince!
Bru. *Eudemia* whom I nam'd!
Qu. And my *Argaces* Image!
Bru. *Argaces* Ghoſt? a Rival from the Dead?
Journeys ill deſtiny this way to Night,
And thou its Harbinger? Speak awefull Shade!
What magick bringſt thou from the nether World,
To chill my boyling Bloud and freeze my Spirits?
Injurious Spectre, when did I invade
Thy World that thou ſhould'ſt come to Forrage here?
Avaunt, Deſcend, and to the *Greeks* below
Boaſt if thou wilt that thou made'ſt *Brutus* Shake.
[*Ghoſts deſcend.*
Qu. Warn'd from the Fates let us Converſe no more,
Nor run with open Eyes upon our Ruine!
Alas, how fatal muſt our *Hymen* be,
When the Dead riſe our Nuptials to forbid? [*Exit.*
Bru. Falſly your Fears interpret their Deſign!
The Ghoſts appear'd to give us their Conſent!
What falſe illuſions am I forc't to frame!

What will not Love-rackt Minds pretend, to gain
A Minutes reſpite from their tort'ring Pain! [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *A Deſart.*

At ſome diſtance a Fountain with the Statue of Diana.

Enter Soziman *Solus.*

Soz. THis is the dreadfull Sorcereſſe's Cave, (ſpire,
Where ſullen Fiends, Hell's Male-contents con-
Whilſt at the ghaſtly Board the Hag preſides,
Weighs their Debates and ſways the dark Cabal.
Ho *Raguſa!* dread Propheteſs appear:
Aſſiſt an Heart that labours with vaſt miſchief,
And with thy Spells ſecure the fatal Birth.

Enter Raguſa.

Rag. Who interrupts when I'm at work for Hell?
Whos'e're thou art, I hate the Light and Thee.
Ha! *Soziman?* thou art a hopefull Son,
A working Head, induſtrious for Perdition.
Soz. Inſtruct this feeble Arm to ſhake a Throne,
And ſnatch a Crown.
Rag. Let it be ſteept in Bloud!
'Twas my initiating Ceremony
To my dire Art, I was inſtall'd with Slaughter,
Nor cou'd I raiſe me to my airy Rounds,
'Till I had bath'd my Limbs in Infants Gore.

A Horn winded at diſtance.

Soz. Heark, the Game's rouz'd.
Rag. So merry! ——Well, 'tis odds I marr your ſport.
By Contract, Son, I hate all humane kind,
But envy moſt the proſperous and great;
Thou art devoted to the Queen's deſtruction,

And ſo am I; this day begins her Ruine.
Take that. [*Gives him a little Viol.*
Soz. Th'intent?
Rag. 'Tis the Queen's Bane.
Thou know'ſt the Cuſtome when the ſports are done
The Court repairs to the *Diana* Fountain,
To worſhip there the Goddeſs of the Woods,
And drink of the cool Stream; the Queen drinks firſt,
Mark me, Prince *Brutus* and the Queen drink firſt,
Into their Bowl ſee thou convey that Philtre,
It fires the Chaſteſt Breaſts with looſe Deſires.
Soz. Speak on, for now thy voice grows full of Fate.
Rag. When they have drunk, an entertainment follows,
Then when the Philtre has for dalliance fluſh't 'em,
I will by Magick pour a Tempeſt down,
Hail, Rain and Fire, th'ingredients of the Storm;
Scatt'ring the Company to th' Caves for Shelter.
At the ſame Cell the Prince and Queen ſhall hide,
Where ſhe forgetfull ſhall reſign her Honour.
Soz. Ha! ha! I ſhall be doubly miſchievous,
At once a Traitour to her Crown and Vertue.
But I to Vertue am a foe profeſt,
And ſworn to ſtorm her in her ſtrongeſt Holds.
Rag. Since miſchief is ingrafted to thy Nature,
I'le teach thee all the Arts of doing ill;
The ſureſt Spells to work diſtorting Pains,
T'enfeeble Loves, and breed eternal jarrs,
To blaſt the hopes of the laborious Swain,
And ſink returning Sailers in the Bay,
To poiſon Flouds, infect the Air, lay waſte
Whole Empires: This I'le teach thee, and to thee
I will bequeath my Goblins when I die. [*Exit.*
Soz. Farewell, methinks my Road to greatneſs now
Is grown ſo plain, I may diſcharge my Guide.
This for the Queen; and may the Doſe prove ſtrong.
I ſhou'd have learnt from her the readieſt way
To haſten the removal of this Prince
From *Syracuſe*, his Pow'rs may check my Plot
With the Ambaſſadours——I have bethought me;
His Friend *Aſaracus* is bent on Conqueſts

And

And Crowns in *Albion* whither they are bound;
I'le ſerve my ends of his rough Martial Vertue.
He comes this way, as I preſume, forſaking
The Chaſe in diſcontent, if he diſcharge
His Followers, I'le attaque him.

Enter Aſaracus *followed by two Officers of the Prince's.*

1. *Off.* Nay, good my Lord withdraw not from the Chaſe,
You'l diſoblige the Queen and Court.
Aſa. Away.
'Tis a divertiſement I ne're affected,
My Youth ſought rougher Labours, and was taught
To lay a Stratagem, not ſet a Ginn.
2. *Off.* Some deep reſentment grudges in his Breaſt.
Aſa. That e're our Nations Glory ſhou'd have reacht
Theſe diſtant Lands, and we our ſelves arrive
To contradict the Story of our Fame!
Unworthy of our noble Anceſtors,
Unworthy of our former Selves.
1. *Off.* My Lord,
Some reſpite to our Labours muſt be given.
Aſa. Dull reſtive Soul! 'tis this degenerate ſloth
Holds our faln State in its ſad Ruins ſtill;
Had we been Active, follow'd leading Fate,
Our Standards in mid *Albion* we had fixt,
Founded th'eternal Monarchy e're now.
But I divert ye from your Exerciſe.
Return, goe Sirs, and help to fill the Cry:
I have Affairs of weight to think upon,
And ſeek advantage from this ſolitude. [*Ex. Officers.*
Soz. O he is juſt i'th' Tune I wiſh't to find him.
Aſa. Not all my Labours of the Seas and Field
Brought half the Terrour of my preſent Task!
To tempt the Fury of my Prince and Friend,
To rowze him from his ecſtaſie of Love,
Is the ſevereſt Trial of my Duty;
But I muſt trace my Loyalty through all
Its rougheſt Paths——Ha! Lord *Soziman*!
What has withdrawn your Lordſhip from the Chaſe?
Soz. 'Tis long ſince I of Paſtimes loſt the reliſh,

The publick care preys hourly on my Breaſt;
More anxious Fears ſting not fond Parents Hearts
At mid-night muſing on the various chances
May ſnatch their Off-ſpring, then ag'd Stateſmen feel
For States which their indulgent care has nurſt,
How much they dread leſt miſchiefs from abroad,
Shou'd cruſh 'em in their helpleſs tender years,
And when grown up to ſtrength leſt Riot drown 'em.

Aſa. Your publick Truſt is large, and this concern
Is worthy of your Dignity and Years.

Soz. 'Twas rude to preſs upon your Privacy,
But needfull 'twas for me to find you private;
I have Propoſals of much weight to offer,
The bleſt Reſult of my long lab'ring Thought.

Aſa. To honeſt Motions I ne're ſhut my Ear.

Soz. Know then the circumſtances of our State
And yours, ſeem to invite a ſpeedy Union,
For both lie now expos'd to Foreign Pow'rs,
But join'd, can frame a Realm invincible,
Of ſtrength to awe the neighb'ring Nations round,
To th'outmoſt Iſles and diſtant Poles give Law.

Aſa. At laſt his hov'ring policy is pitch't, [*Aſide.*
And come about to th' Perch where it deſign'd
To fix, though to beguile me it flew wide.

Soz. The Nuptials of your Prince and our fair Queen
Will finiſh this deſign, you may perceive
Your gen'rous Maſter of himſelf inclin'd,
And will with ſecret Tranſport be adviſ'd
(By you who rule his Breaſt) to proſecute
I'th' publick Name, what is his private choice.

Aſa. Nay then 'tis time to rowze him from his Dream [*Aſide.*
They've found his weakneſs and wou'd practiſe on't,
But they ſhall find he had a Friend that wak't
To guard his Glory when 'twas ſlumber-charm'd———
Sly Lord, how is your Wiſedom now o'reſeen?
You know me Raſh, and ſhou'd believe me Honeſt,
And yet have dar'd t' engage me in a Task
That's neither feazible nor juſt;
Think on your pious Queen's vow'd Conſtancy
To her departed Lord, and then be mute.

Soz.

Soz. The Rudeneſs were too groſs and paſt all Pardon
T' engage you in unfeazible deſigns,
But to encourage your Endeavours, know
That 'midſt her pious Vows ſhe languiſhes
With a reſiſtleſs Paſſion for the Prince,
Of which perhaps he is not Ignorant.

Aſa. Hell! if he once diſcover her Affection
He's loſt for ever —— but I'le force him hence
E're the ſoft charm prevail too far upon him.
Dull Politician, thou haſt ſpun thy Snare
Too groſs to catch ev'n cred'lous Honeſty!
Yes, I will uſe my Int'reſt with the Prince.
Perſwade, prevail, but counter to your Projects. [*Exit.*

Soz. Raſh Warrier goe, and in miſtake perform
This poor dull Politician's work: ha! ha!
All pufft with fond conceit of a Diſcov'ry,
He's gone off pleas'd!
Juſt ſuch a ſtock of Brain as Heroes need,
Meer Engines of the State in times of danger
By skilfull Artiſts play'd:
But when War's Flame is quench't, again laid by. [*Exit.*

Enter Raguſa *with four Women, Attendants,*
A Horn ſounded at a diſtance.

Rag. Heark, the Stagg's faln, and now the Court comes on
To th' Fountain to perform the *Sylvan* Rites;
'Tis time we were preparing for the Storm.
Heed me ye Daughters of the Myſtick Art,
Look that it be no common Hurricane,
But ſuch as rend the *Caſpian* Cliffs, and from
Th' *Hyrcanian* Hills ſweep Cedars, Roots, and all.
Speak, goes all right? or have ye ought obſerv'd
Odd and ill-boding? for laſt night me thought
The Moon chang'd colour, and her Horns grew blunt:
Boötes Wain o'return'd and loſt a Wheel,
The Pummel-Star fell from *Orion*'s ſword.
Speak *Lamiæ!*

All Wo. Uh, uh, uh, uh!

Rag. D'ye ſtart? I'le charm ye Marble but I'le fix ye.

Pronounce,

Pronounce, and while ye ſpeak, breath Blaſts and Mildews.
1. *Wo.* The Cricket leaves our Cave, and chirps no more.
2. *Wo.* I ſtuck a Ram but cou'd not ſtain my Steel.
3. *Wo.* His Fat conſum'd i'th' Fire and never ſmoak't.
4. *Wo.* I found this Morn' upon our furnace Wall
Myſterious words wrought by a ſlimy Snail,
Whoſe Night-walk Fate had guided in that Form;
Th' imperfect ſyllables our Ruine ſpeak.
Rag. Call up my Spirit *Daran* to expound.
1. *Wo. Daran's* in hold, poor *Daran's* priſ'ner ta'ne,
In *Scylla's* Rock ten fathom deep he groans,
With ſuch dire Magick bound, ſuch potent ſpells,
I fear he'l never be at large again.
Rag. Beſhrew the Beldame! this was *Magra's* miſchief,
I'll rive the Rock to th' Roots to ſet him free,
And then on Lightning ride to fire her Cell.
By all the diſmal ſecrets of my Cave
I will not leave her Pow'r for pettieſt miſchiefs;
No not ſo much as to breed Muſt in Fodder,
And make the ſtall'd Oxe pine at the full Crib,
Not to raiſe Blanes on Tongues that flout and curſe her,
Or ſilence in her Night-walks barking Currs.
2. *Wo.* Thou'rt Queen of Myſteries, great *Raguſa*,
How haſt thou ſtemm'd th' Abyſs of our black Science?
Trac't dodging Nature through her blind Scape-Roads,
In her dark Manſions ſeis'd her, ſtript her Veil,
And brought her nak'd and trembling to the Light?
Rag. Now to our Task, and for encouragement,
Remember that the Tempeſt we now raiſe
Will be attended with a mighty Ruine,
The Queen's Perdition, think on that, my *Gorgons*:
From this malignant hour her better Stars
Their influence ſhall withhold, her Guardian Genius
Neglect and leave her a devoted Prey.
2. *Wo.* Fate ſo decrees, I ſearch't th' eternal Scrowl,
Read ſmiling the Contents of her black Doom.
Rag. Stand off, and crouching Myſtick Poſtures make,
Gnawing your rivell'd Knuckles 'till they Bleed,
Whilſt I fall proſtrate to conſult my Art,
And mutter Sounds too ſacred for your Ear.

Falls

Falls flat on her Face, as ſhe lies two deformed Spirits deſcend, and whiſper in each Ear.

The ſtorm's on wing, comes spoud'ring from the Nore, [*Riſing.*
'Thas paſt the *Alps* already, and whirls forward
To th' *Appenine*, whoſe rifled Snow is ſwept
To th' Vales beneath, while Cotts and Folds lie buried.
Once more come round me and attend my counſel.
When we have ſerv'd our ends of *Soziman*
(Who by our aid purſues the Queen's deſtruction)
Wee'l ruine him.

3. *Wo.* Be that my task.

Rag. It ſhall.
Thou *Myrza* tak'ſt to night an airy march
To th' *Pontick* Shore for Druggs, and for more ſpeed
On my own Maple Crutch thou ſhalt be mounted,
Which bridled, turns to a Steed ſo manageable
That thou may'ſt rein him with a Spider's thread.

4. *Wo.* And how if I o're-take a Barque i'th' way?

Rag. Then if aloft thou go'ſt, to Tinder ſcorch
The Fanns; but if thou tak'ſt a lower Cutt,
Then ſnatch the Whip-ſtaff from the Steers-man's Hand,
And ſowce him in the Foam.

4. *Wo.* He ſhall be drench't.
But ſee the Court are 'lighted from their Courſers,
And walk this way.

Rag. Scudd Burrough in your Caves. [*All vaniſh.*

Enter Brutus, *Queen and the reſt, as from the Chaſe.*

Bru. 'Twas ſuch a holding Chaſe as did almoſt
Convert the ſport to toil.

Aſa. 'Twas deſperate Service.

Bru. What means *Aſaracus*?
His looks and language are of late grown dark.

Qu. We are late, and muſt diſpatch the Fountain Rites
With ſhorteſt ceremony.

Soz. Queen, glut thy Paſſion, feaſt on poiſon'd ſweets; [*Aſide.*

Enjoy, and periſh, *Soziman*
Wou'd plot thy Pleaſure on no other ſcore.

All kneel before the Fountain but Soziman, *who preſents the Queen and Prince with each a Bowl, having firſt infus'd the Philtre.*

Bru. This to *Diana*'s Immortality. [*Drinks.*
Qu. To great *Diana*'s Immortality.
All. This to the Triple Goddeſs.
Bru. It thunders in the Wind, 'twill be a Storm,
The North Sky low'rs.
Soz. 'Tis but a flying Show'r,
And ſhou'd it drive this way, the Caves are near
To yield us ſhelter. ——*Let the Maſquers Enter.*

A Dance of Maſquers, during which a dark Storm gathers. Lightning and Thunder.

Aſa. In all our Sea-diſaſters I ne'r knew
So ſwift a change of Weather.
Bru. All ſhift for ſhelter.

Exeunt All confuſedly, Brutus *and the Queen together.* Raguſa *appears in the Storm.*

Rag. I, this is Muſick! now me thinks I hear
The ſhrieks of ſinking Sailers, Tackle rent,
Rudders unhing'd, whilſt the Sea-rav'ners ſwift
Scour through the dark Flood for the diving Corpſes.
Ha! art thou there my melancholy Siſter? [*An Owl cries.*
Thou think'ſt thy Napp was ſhort, and art ſurpriz'd
To find night faln already.
More Turf to th' Fire 'till the black Meſh ferment;
Burn th' Oyl of Baſilisk to fret the Storm.
That was a merry Clap! I know that Cloud
Was of my *Fricker's* rending, *Fricker* rent it:
O 'tis an active Spirit! but beſhrew him,
'Twas he ſeduc'd me firſt to helliſh Arts,
He found me penſive in a Deſart glin,
Near a lone Oak forlorn and thunder-cleft,
Where diſcontented I abjur'd the Gods,

And

And Bann'd the cruel Creditor that ſeiz'd
My Mullees, ſole ſubſiſtence of my life:
He promis'd me full twelve years abs'lute Reign
To banquet all my Senſes, but he li'd,
For Vipers fleſh is now my only food,
My drink of Springs that ſtream from ſulph'rous Mines;
Beſide, with mid-night Cramps and ſcalding Sweats
I am almoſt inur'd for Hell's worſt tortures.
I hear the Wood-nymphs Cry, by that I know
My Charm has took, the Tempter has prevail'd,
'Twas a ſure Philtre——but the Day clears up,
And Heav'nly light wounds my infectious Eyes.

Enter again the four Women.

1. *Wo.* Now ſullen Dame, do'ſt thou approve our works?
Rag. 'Twas a brave wreck, oh you have well perform'd.
2. *Wo.* *Myrza* and I beſtrid a Cloud, and ſoar'd
To laſh the ſtorm, which we purſu'd to th' City,
Where in my flight I ſnatcht the golden Globe
That high on *Saturn*'s Pillar blaz'd i'th' Air.
3. *Wo.* I fir'd the Turret of *Minerva*'s Fane.
4. *Wo.* I ſtay'd i'th' Cell to ſet the Spell a work,
The Lamps burnt ghaſtly blue, the Furnace ſhook,
The *Salamander* felt the heat redoubled
And friskt about; ſo well I pli'd the fire.
Rag. Now as I hate bright Day and love Moon-ſhine,
You ſhall be all my Siſters in the Art:
I will inſtruct ye in each myſtery,
Make ye all *Raguſa's*.
All Wo. Ho, ho, ho!
Rag. Around me, and I'll deal to each her dole.
There's an Elf-Lock, Tooth of *Hermaphrodite*,
A brace of Mandrakes digg'd in Fairy Ground,
A Lampray's Chain, Snakes Eggs, dead ſparks of Thunder
Quencht in its paſſage through the cold mid Air,
A Mermaids Fin, A Cockatrice's Comb,
Wrapt i'th' dri'd Cawl of a Brat ſtill-born: burn 'em——
In whiſpers take the reſt, which nam'd aloud
Would fright the Day, and force another Storm.
All Wo. Ho, ho, ho, ho! [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Walks behind the Palace.*

Enter Queen and Amarante.

Qu. FRom Shades to Court, from Court to Shades I fly,
But bear my Torment with me where I goe,
Thought-rackt and Reſtleſs as a Murd'rers Soul!
Ama. Unload your burden'd Heart into my Breaſt,
My active Love may find your Grief a Cure.
Qu. Why art thou curious for a ſight of Hell?
A Viſion that wou'd fright thee to Diſtraction!
Ama. If yet my Duty be not throughly try'd,
Command me take a Scorpion to my Boſome:
If I refuſe, neglected let me live
Defam'd, forlorn, diſown'd of Heaven and you.
Qu. Thou'rt Brave, and fit to ſhare a Queen's Afflictions!
Sit then and hear the Story of my Shame,
But let the Sun, as from my Crime he hid
His ſacred Light, withdraw while I relate. ——
Thy Queen for conſtancy to her firſt Love
Long Fam'd, and long deſerving to be Fam'd,
Is now, ah Torture! a forſworn Adultreſs! ——
My trembling Limbs diſſolve at the dire Sound! [*Riſing.*
Believe me not, for I bely my ſelf!
Think'ſt thou the Gods cou'd e're permit ſuch guilt?
They cou'd, and the Infernals know 'tis true!
Ama. Nay, now I muſt commit a force upon you,
My violence is juſt and charitable.
Qu. Thou'rt wild as I to grapple with my Paſſion,
That like a Tempeſt ſweeps with lawleſs Rage,
'Till ſpent it ſighs it ſelf into a Calm.
From Honour's heights which I with toil had clim'd,
How am I in a moment faln
And plung'd in Infamy!
Th' Almighty Pow'rs beheld, and yet created

No

No Prodigy to awe me from the Danger.
My ſtupid Vertue ſlept,
My Guardian Genius ſlept,
The Planets idlely gaz'd,
And all the Starry Hoſt
Sat unconcern'd Spectators of my Fate!
My ſtruggling on the Rack
But Tortures me the more;
I'm ſtabb'd with thouſand Deaths, but cannot Die!

Ama. Ingratefull Prince that cou'd ſo ill requite
A gen'rous Queen that hid thy impious Head
From Heav'ns purſuing Vengeance!

Qu. Oh, He's too foul to be a Victim made
To Heav'n, no he ſhall bleed my Sacrifice: [*Shews a Dagger.*
My wrong'd *Argaces* waits for his Deſcent,
To ſeize th' Adulterer at th' *Elyſian* Bounds
And ſink him yelling to th' Abyſs of Fire!

Enter Brutus.

Bru. Weeping? thoſe Eyes rich Nature's choiceſt Gems
Shou'd ſparkle, not diſſolve.

Qu. Ah Hypocrite! Hell rages in his Breaſt
And Heav'n ſmiles on his Brow.

Bru. Your Sorrow racks me, from thoſe Eyes I feel
A cold Damp ſhot into my conſcious Heart,
Suppreſs thoſe Sighs and call to Heav'n for Thunder.

Qu. Why chills my Rage? that ſoft deluding Tongue
Sooth'd me out of my Innocence before,
And oh I fear 'twill ſooth my Juſtice now!
Delay ſlacks my Reſolves! with open Eyes
I cannot wound him but I'll wink and ſtrike.

Bru. Oh Madam you to Tyranny purſue
Your Conqueſt, and a yielding Heart oppreſs!
Kill me and ceaſe to grieve, let my Life's Bloud
Compound to ſave that rich Expence of Tears.

Qu. Oh Fate! I have his leave to give him Death,
But now my eager Rage has ſeiz'd its Quarry,
Pants o're the Prey, and wants the ſtrength to Kill.

Bru. My Eyes Diſtill! like wounded Duelliſts

I ſtrive in vain to hide the preſſing Stream;
Madam, You ſee my Frailty, how I melt
T'effeminate Tears, your Sorrow Triumphs o're me,
And boaſts the Pow'r to have made a Warriour weep!

Qu. At ſuch complaint a Tygreſs wou'd Relent,
The Furies caſt their Tort'ring Engines by.
[*Throws away her Dagger.*
Thus then injurious Prince to my Revenge
Another Courſe I ſteer; to Heav'n I make
This ſolemn Vow—— [*Kneels.*

Bru. Hold, hold! by all that's good
Let me conjure you ſtifle that raſh Voice!
I know not what you were prepar'd to Swear,
But fear'd (divert it Heav'n) a Violence
On your dear Life.

Qu. 'Twas a raſh Breath indeed,
All killing as a Northern Blaſt; but now
'Tis veer'd about into a Southern Gale,
With ſoft Show'rs waited—— [*Weeps.*
I conſent to live.
Riſe, I forgive you.

Bru. Let me then kneel ſtill!
Rich Fountain of Delight, embodi'd Rapture!
Joy gleams from thee unwaſted, while I preſs
This Hand, I know not how, the ſubtle Touch
Shoots through each Vein, and tingles at my Heart.

Qu. I pardon'd you, and what was harder much,
Promis'd to live, but on Condition both,
Which once Tranſgreſt makes th' Obligation Void,
Reſigns me back to Death, and you to my Diſpleaſure:
As therefore you regard my Life and Favour
Be punctual to perform——

Bru. I will remember
Though I ſhould drink dull *Lethe* dry, let Seas
Forget to Ebb and Flow, the Spheres their Tunes,
The Sun his Roads, the Elements their Duties,
Of you forgotten, let me periſh, when
I'm guilty of a firſt Neglect!

Qu. Till then,
My gratefull Heart for you ſhall entertain

The

The kindeſt thoughts that Women's Love ſuggeſts;
Each Day's State-task ſhall give me one ſoft Hour,
My own intirely, which I will devote
To Solitude and tender Thoughts of you.

Bru. I ſink, I ſink! intoxicate with Joy!
Like Inſpir'd Prieſts I reel with Ecſtaſie!

Qu. All I exact for this I will ſum up
In one Command, which muſt not be diſputed,
That to retrieve my Honour you'd remove,
And take this Hour a laſt eternal Leave.

Bru. Ha! ſaid you Laſt, Laſt and Eternal Leave?
You kindle me into Tranſport, and then
To Death you chill me in the heat of Rapture!
'Tis Barb'rous, Queen, to ſport with wounded Hearts,
And ſpread a Toil for harmleſs cred'lous Love:
'Twere Woman's Fraud t' have ruin'd with your Smiles,
But to betray with Tears, the Crocodile's.
Th' injunction ſeem'd impoſſible, but now
I ſhall obey!——You have your Wiſh, for I
Shall ne'r intrude into your Preſence more. [*Faints.*

Qu. Help *Amarante!* gen'rous Prince return.

Bru. What mean you by this cruel Charity?
You ſtretch me on the Rack, and when I faint,
My drooping Spirits with Cordials you Reſtore,
Revive, but oh! to hold me ſtill in Pain.

Qu. And cou'd you then believe my Rigour, ha?
Blind Pitty leads my Piety aſtray!——
'Twas cruel to tax me with Cruelty:
If you muſt needs accuſe, charge Fate——I wou'd
If Deſtiny——'tis falſe, I never will——
Tormenter hence——with no Reply but Sighs
He yields to th' harſh Command——that mournfull Glance
Darts to my Soul his Griefs; I cannot bear't,
Stay Prince, my Love!——I rave, haſte *Amarante,*
Shield me from Ruine, ſnatch me, bear me, fly!

[*Exit confuſedly,* Amarante *follows.*

Bru. Thus in Loves winding Mazes we are Toil'd,
Mourn our hard Fate, yet ſtill we keep the Round;
We rave of Wounds, yet ſtill indulge the Pain;
And whilſt we curſe our Bondage, hug the Chain, [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Soziman *with the Captain of the Guards.*

Soz. To *Agrigent* my truſty Officer
With theſe Diſpatches to th' Ambaſſadors;
Tell 'em their laſt advices were moſt Welcome;
That nightly I expect their promis'd Forces,
Which wee'l receive to th' Cittadel. Diſpatch. [*Ex. Capt.*
Thus far with proſp'rous Gales my Courſe I've ſteer'd,
And now the Port's in view. Come no croſs Guſt!
My Fears grow with th'approaching Land, for ſtill
The Waves beat rougheſt near the Shore.
[*Turning ſpies* Ragusa *Entring.*
I'm ſhockt to meet thee here, my Sorc'reſs? or
Some Emiſſary *Dæmon* in her Shape?
Speak briefly the Contents of thy dark Errand.

Rag. Soft, my projecting Son, by ſubtleſt Magick
Inviſibly I hither am arriv'd.
Think not that to my Cell I am confin'd,
But range the Streets unſeen, frequent Aſſemblies,
And in the ſultry Halls infection breathe:
Nay ſometimes buſie at the ſacred Shrines,
With Prodigies t'amuſe the zealous Crowd,
With anxious Jealouſies enrage their Minds,
'Till in wild Uproar the whole State's embroil'd.

Soz. But on what miſchief bound arriv'ſt thou now?

Rag. Anon there will be Bloud-ſhed in this place,
A Deed will much conduce to thy Deſigns:
I'th' Air I'll hang unſeen to Gorge the Steams,
And ſuck the Vapours from the Vital Gore.

Soz. Thou led'ſt me into Treaſon, bear me through,
In penſive Moods
I'm tempted to undoe what I have done,
To Tack and ſeek the ſafe Point whence I ſail'd.

Rag. No 'tis impoſſible, thou'rt launcht too far,
And muſt reſolve to brave the Billows now.

Soz. I fear the Throne which I with Bloud muſt ſtain
Will prove a ſlipp'ry Seat, for what ſhou'd let
But Villany reſolv'd and bold as mine,
May take the Path which I to Greatneſs forc't,

'Till

'Till by Uſurpers the Uſurper fall?
Rag. Therefore ſoon as thou art poſſeſt o'th' pow'r
See thy Confed'rates bleed, that none ſurvive
T' upbraid thy Greatneſs with their treach'rous Aids,
And claim like Pirates each his ſhare of Spoil.
Soz. I'll ſacrifice 'em to the murm'ring Crowd,
With publick Juſtice my ambition gild,
Show'r Gifts among the Crowd, make Riot flow,
'Till they have drown'd their diſcontents in Wine.
Rag. But that without controll thou maiſt poſſeſs
The Tyranny, my Drudges I'll employ
To frame with their beſt Arts a Bracelet for thee,
Which whilſt thou wear'ſt it lock't on thy left Arm,
Treaſon ſhall ne'r annoy thee, Sword and Poiſon
In vain attempt; Nature alone have pow'r
Thy Subſtance to diſſolve, nor ſhe her ſelf
'Till many a Winter Shock has broke thy Temper.
Soz. *Medea* for her *Jaſon* leſs perform'd!
My greatning Soul aſpires to range like thee,
In unknown Worlds, to ſearch the Reign of Night.
Admitted to thy dreadfull Myſteries,
I ſhou'd be more then Mortal.
Rag. Ne'r my Cell,
('Mongſt circl'ing Rocks in Form a Theatre)
Lies a ſnug Vale.
Soz. With horrour I have view'd it,
'Tis blaſted all and bare as th' Ocean Beach,
And ſeems a Round for Elves to Revel in.
Rag. With my Attendants there each waining Moon
My dreadfull Court I hold, and ſit in ſtate.
And when the dire Tranſactions are diſpatcht,
Our zany Spirits aſcend to make us mirth
With Gambals, Dances, Masks, and rev'ling Songs
'Till our mad Din ſtrike terrour through the Waſt,
Spreads fair and wide to th' Cliffs that bank the Main,
And ſcarce is loſt in the wide Ocean's Roar.
Soz. Thou ſooth'ſt my black Bloud with a horrid pleaſure,
That through my dark thoughts darts a gloomy Joy.
Rag. Here ſeated by me thou ſhalt view the ſports,
Whilſt *Dæmons* kiſs thy foot and ſwear thee Homage.

But hush! —— Our male-content with lowring Brow
Draws near, resolv'd on the dire generous Deed'
Away; the mischief now is grown so ripe
'Twill work it self t'an Head without our aid. [*Vanishes.*
Soz. Farewell, remember the enchanted Bracelet!
Not more the Crown I covet then that Chain.

Enter Asaracus.

That gloomy lowring Brow presages well.
His Discontent at th' amorous Princes stay
Is grown too troublesome for his blunt Soul
To bear conceal'd —— the Prince himself draws near,
I'll leave them and expect the wish'd event. [*Exit.*
Asa. Why should I stifle my resentment longer?
I can at worst but give him bloudy proof
Of my sincerity, if he impeach
The freedome I assume, of rage or rudeness,
If to perswade, Friendship and Reason fail,
I'll bleed, and with my dying Breath prevail.

Enter Brutus.

My Lord ——
Bru. What would my Friend?
Asa. You lov'd me once.
Bru. Religion has no greater truth, and when
I love thee not, perish my life and honour.
Asa. Bold in your friendship then I warn you Sir
To summon all your Temper to receive
What he that loves you best fears to deliver.
Bru. Thou labour'st with my Fate, for what pale tidings
Am I thus cautiously prepared?
Asa. I come Sir to accuse to you, your self,
To inform you how your dearest Fame lies sick,
Your Foes insulting while your Subjects murmur.
Excuse Sir your plain dealing Friend ——
Bru. Proceed ——
Asa. Our last dear Stake lies in your hand to play,
Which managed wisely may recover yet

All

All we have loſt to Fate,
And raiſe our ſleeping Glory from the Grave.
Bru. Gently my Friend, I feel each wakening Pulſe
Start and beat nimbly at the name of Glory.
Aſa. Ripe Glory waits us in proud *Albion*'s Plains,
And withers whilſt the ſeaſon we neglect,
And give our Harveſt Suns to ſlumber.
Bru. Ha!
Aſa. Each gentle breeze that o're your Navy breaths,
Sighs as it flies, and Murmurs at our ſtay.
Bru. 'Tis too ſevere! cruel *Aſaracus*
Has my firm Soul but one weak tender part,
And your keen cenſures level'd all at that?
Why are theſe Arms that oft have ſwept the Files,
Return'd with Standards fill'd, and bloudy Bays,
Deny'd the tranſport of a ſhort embrace?
Aſa. His tender paſſion ſtarts at my approach;
It bleeds, but I muſt pierce it deeper yet:
Boldly the needfull caution I will utter,
As in a treacherous Labyrinth you ſtray,
Loſt in delight, and pleaſantly deſtroy'd,
Whilſt lull'd aſleep in your falſe *Circe*'s charms
In vain Fames Trumpet ſounds you to the Field.
Bru. Die kindling rage! like Thunder ſtruggle, yet
I'll ſtifle thee, and choak thy lab'ring Fire.
'Tis dead——draw near *Aſaracus*, and give
A heedfull Ear to what thy Prince delivers; [*Embracing him.*
If any dark diſaſter or miſtake
Tempt thee hereafter to ſuſpect my Friendſhip,
Call to remembrance this eternal Proof——
Thou didſt revile the Queen, her *Brutus* heard
And yet forgave the Blaſphemy, at once
The beſt of Friends and moſt ingratefull Lover.
Aſa. My Heart diſſolves——But nature ſink e're I [*Aſide.*
Indulge his Frailty and permit his Ruine.

Enter Locrinus.

But though your dear-bought Lawrels you permit
To fade, ſlight courting Honours, yet conſider

This noble Spirit defrauded by your ſtay
Of Empire, though by Nature form'd to Reign. } *Preſenting* Locrinus.

Locr. Dread Sir 'tis in my Bloud and I muſt Reign,
Can brook your ſacred ſelf alone above me:
Hourly I'll thrive in Fame, increaſe in Glory,
To fill your Throne when you remove to th' Gods.

Aſa. Excuſe this Heat, a ſpark of your own Fire
That once glow'd bright, though now in Embers hid,
But fann'd with ſuch Breath needs muſt blaze again.

Locr. Ev'n when a Child and under Womens care,
Whilſt through the Caſements I beheld our Youth
By Prince *Cleanthus* muſter'd near the Palace,
I view'd 'em o're, gaz'd on their dazling Creſts,
Their wond'rous Scarfs and Javelins tip't with Gold,
Then ſigh'd and ſwell'd methought as big as They!
But when their Squadrons join'd in ſportive Fight
I flam'd, and turning, in the Arras ſpi'd
A glaring Panther wrought to th' Life, then drew
My Iv'ry Sword, and tilted at his Breaſt.

Bru. This growing Gallantry with Pride I view,
But muſt conceal my Joy——Retire *Locrinus*. [*Exit* Locr.
Friend, preſs no more thy loſt Advices, for
I'm ſworn to live the Queen's and can't deſert her.

Aſa. Ha! ſo reſolv'd! then to my laſt Reſerve.
Sir, be not ſo enamour'd on Perdition,
Your ſtock of Fame is large, but judg'd declining;
The Purchaſe coſt you dear, the bloud of Heroes
Is ſold too cheaply for a Woman's ſmiles.

Bru. And have I then through Floods and Fire ſought Glory,
Follow'd the glitt'ring Guide through Death's dark Paſſes,
To be at laſt charg'd with declining Valour?
And too, the black Reproach ſhot from a Tongue
That has ſworn Friendſhip to me——I am wrapt
In Phrenzy, help *Aſaracus*! the Storm
Grows Mad, nor can I rule th' undſteady Helm!

Aſa. To your exceſs of Paſſion for the Queen
We wou'd impute the fault you make in Glory,
Not that you fear the Arms of *Albion*.

Bru. Are theſe then the ſurmixes of my Slaves?
Whoſe vile Necks from the *Grecian* Yoke I freed,

And

And is *Aſaracus* o'th' Faction too?
I'm pleas'd that their Allegeance they've abjur'd,
Giv'n me pretence to ſhake off their vile Empire;
I'll condeſcend to Rule this Herd no more,
Nor with ſuch Refuſe tempt the *Albion* War,
By great *Iulus*'s Soul I will not.

Aſa. Then
By great *Iulus*'s Soul you muſt confeſs
More then a Woman's weakneſs.

Bru. That again!
Hell! ſaid you weakneſs?——and meant Cowardiſe?
Villain, be mean, recall that inf'mous Breath,
Recant, forſwear't, Lie for thy Life or periſh!

Aſa. It works, and the more ſwelling now his Rage,
[*Aſide.*
He will retreat t'a lower Ebb of pity.

Bru. This ſtubborn ſilence is a plain confeſſion!
Baſe as thou art I ſpare to ſpill thy Bloud
'Cauſe thou wert once the ſharer of my Breaſt,
And my too cred'lous Soul believ'd thee Brave.
With much content my ſelf I flatter'd long,
Thought my Breaſt rich, poſſeſt of a true Friend,
But oh 'twas Fairy Wealth, a dream of Treaſure,
That waking leaves me deſtitute and poor.
Traytour, the meaning of that threat'ning Steel?
Here, ſtrike the Breaſt thou haſt ſo long deceiv'd.

Aſa. Yes Prince I'll ſtrike—your Heart—that Heart of yours
That's in my Boſome lodg'd.
[*Stabs himſelf.*

Bru. Raſh Souldier hold.
[*Wreſts the Dagger from him.*
And e're thou fall'ſt unriddle this dark Action.

Aſa. In vain you wou'd prevent a ſecond Wound;
This Arm in *Brutus*'s ſervice never ſtruck
And fail'd to kill.

Bru. Who wait? Phyſicians hither, fly.

Aſa. Draw near my Lord and let me bath your Feet
In the remains of Bloud ſpent in your Service!
We have e're now waded in Gore together.
Can you forgive my bold preſuming Language?
I ſhou'd not have indulg'd my Tongue that freedome
Had I deſign'd the Rudeneſs to ſurvive.

Since nothing cou'd Divorce you from the Queen,
Pardon your Souldier's Zeal, that cou'd not live
To ſee your Tide of Glory at a Stand.

Bru. Inſult not o're thy wretched Maſter's Guilt,
My ſhame's ſo Monſtrous that to ſhun
Th' opprobrious Spectacle, my Friend
Withdraws diſdaining to eternal Night.

Enter Phyſicians.

Now Emp'ricks muſter your beſt Arts to ſave
A Life more precious then the World's great Soul;
Know Slaves you have no middle Path to take,
Reſtore or wait my Heroe to the Dead.

Aſa. Vex not dear Friends my Wound in vain, 'tis Mortal,
My Heart works ſlowly, and my Pulſes ſleep.
Your Hand my Lord——with this cold Kiſs I ſeal it.
May't prove reſiſtleſs as the Thund'rers,
Snatch Crowns from *Europe*'s Monarchs, graſp their Scepters,
Knit in one Empire the divided World.

Bru. Live my *Aſaracus* to ſee me Vanquiſh
My Conqu'rer Love, I'll rage and break the Toil.

Aſa. Speak, how ſhall I report of our Affairs
To your departed Heroes where I goe?

Bru. Bear not to th' other World my black diſgrace;
Wee'l force our way from this enchanted Coaſt,
Wee'l ſail to Night.

Aſa. Our Countrey's Gods protect you.
Your Fleet's refitted, by my care prepar'd,
The Wind preſents, the Full Moon gives a Day,
And ſwells her Tides to waſt you from the Sound.
Farewell my gen'rous Lord! my Friends farewell!
Thus far your Toils I have accompani'd,
Fate part us here. [*Dies.*

Bru. Spare him ye Deities for one hour more!
And then t' Eternity he's yours!
One tender word more my *Aſaracus*,
Do not ſo tamely yield! grapple with Death
And break from Fate to your loſt Friend's Relief!
Oh let me breathe my Soul into that Wound,

And

And quicken thy cold Clay! I'll tear my Heart
To fill the fatal Breach! oh, oh, oh!
Withdraw and leave me to compose my Thoughts.

[*Ex. Physicians and Attendants.*

Give notice to the Fleet we sail to Night.
Said I to Night! forsake the Queen to Night!
Forsake! oh Fate! the Queen! to Night forsake her!
My word is past, 'tis giv'n, and those pale Lips
With silent Oratory plead my Promise.

Enter the Queen.

She's here! I never shunn'd those Eyes before.

Qu. D'ye fly me Prince? ——but 'tis not strange
To see the happy shun the wretched—— but
Unhappy as I am you made me so,
And may dispense to view the Griefs you gave.

Bru. You call him happy whom the damn'd wou'd pity,
Despairing Ghosts that yell in lightless Flames,
Wou'd stand agast to hear my suff'rings told,
Reflect, and grow more patient of Damnation.

Qu. Can you have any cares conceal'd from me?
Repeat to me the story of your Griefs,
And I'll recite the tragick Tale of mine.
Thus wee'l beguile the Time with mutual Plaints,
Together Mourn as once we Smil'd together.

Bru. My Pain is but prolong'd whilst I dissemble
The struggling Secret, for it must have Birth!
In my wan Look the fatal Message reade,
Whose horrour like a Spell ties up my Tongue:
Madam, Our Destiny's implacable,
We must——Oh 'tis Impossible! and yet
We must——.

Qu. What?

Bru.——Die, like our Ancestours.

Qu. Your pardon Prince, this might have been expresst
With less Formality.

Bru. Is't nothing then
To be reduc't to Earth, to sleep in Dust
Without one dream of Love?——it will out.

Qu.

Qu. These broken Sounds have meanings of Importance.
For, like a pensive Ghost you labour with
Some Secret which you seem prepar'd to tell,
But when my expectation's rais'd withdraw.

Bru. It shall have passage though it rend my Breast!
Rackt to confess, Fate's summons I pronounce,
A sound more terrible then Death, Divorce,
For we must part to Night and meet no more.

Qu. Ah! Prince this mirth was cruel and ill-tim'd,
The sportive Fright too deeply might have pierc't
My tim'rous tender Breast; it was not prudent,
Suppose I had believ'd you——and Expir'd.

Bru. Now Fate confess, was ever Man of Woes
Distrest like me? forc't to accuse my self
Of broken Faith to her whom I deceive.
Oh! Madam, 'twas a fatal Truth I utter'd,
See where my gen'rous Friend self-slaughter'd lies
'Cause I had quitted my pursuit of Arms,
Which he conjur'd me with expiring Breath
To re-assume, then to the Gods convey'd
My Vows Irrevocable.

Qu. Ah! Faithless! [*Swoons.*

Bru. Convey her gently to the Bed of State.

Confusion! Furies! how am I oppress!
One kind Pang more, kills me and gives me Rest.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Soziman *and the Ambassadours disguized.*

Soz. MY Lords, you are arriv'd though unexpected
Most seasonably: Fortune her self conspires
In our Design, and Fate is of our Plot.
1. *Amb.* Our King conceiv'd new flames at our return,
His slighted Love converted to Revenge,
For having work't him into thirst of Bloud
We told the Circumstances of our Project,
How you on just resentment had engag'd
To render us the Cittadel by Night.
Soz. And he approv'd of the Conspiracy?
2. *Amb.* By all the *Memphian* Deities he swore
'Twas such an exquisite Design,
That e're these Calends pass we should effect it,
Or forfeit our projecting Heads.
Soz. No more.
Wee'l do't e're cold *Boötes* fetch his Round;
The Day-star shall rise wondring at the Change
This Night creates i'th' *Syracusian* State.
The Conscious Moon smiles on our Enterprize,
And guilds our dark design with her best Rays:
Beside, the Prince is from the Queen divorc't,
And with his Pow'rs sails off at the next Floud.
Speak Lords, where have you lodg'd your Ambuscade
1. *Amb.* I'th' Desart.
Soz. Your number?
1. *Amb.* A compleat Brigade.
Beside three *Manipli* cull'd from our *Libyan* Squadrons.
Soz. Pass'd ye the Fenns secure?
2. *Amb.* We took the upper Marches by the Cliffs.
Soz. Unseen by the Scouts on our Frontiers?
1. *Amb.* Our last was a Night March.
Soz. At the third Watch lead up your Forces
To *Saturn's* Gate on the North side,

Which wide with drawn Percullis shall receive you.
Be punctual.

Both Amb. As meeting Lovers. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Soz. My thoughtfull Head is with projecting pain'd,
But when I've bound my Temples with a Crown,
I shall have ease; i'th' Registers of Fate
I am writ King already, but I've yet
A stream of Bloud to ford e're I assume
Th' Imperial Robe; ——be that then the distinction
'Twixt *Soziman* and vulgar Potentates,
To wear his Ermyns of a scarlet Dye. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen in rage held by Amarante *and others.*

Qu. Off——Loose me or I'll scatter ye to Air!
Must I be fetter'd? stop an Earthquake's shock,
Not *Typhon's* Load shall press my fury down;
I'll toss the burning Mount inverted up,
And with ascending Thunder fright the Spheres.

Ama. O check this Rage or 'twill ferment to Madness.

Qu. Where dwells despair? shew me the way to Fate,
The readiest Road! O for a Precipice
Whose hanging Brow o'relooks the foaming Floud,
There, deckt in Robes of State, Scepter'd and Crown'd
I'll plunge, and bury in th' unfathom'd Deep
Each glittering Badge of wretched Majesty.

Ama. Where will this Passion drive? hear me dread Queen
For *Syracuse's* sake, your own, the Gods,
Temper this violence, and shun distraction!

Qu. Prov'd false? 'tis slander and can never be!
No, he has sworn and wept, and wept and sworn,
The List of Deities was for his Oaths
Too scant, the Years, Days, Hours, and Minutes, all
Were number'd out in Vows!
If false, he's perjur'd by the whole Creation.

Ama. Yet hear——

Qu. And he is false, as *Jason* false, forsworn,
Teach me *Medea's* Arts! for my Revenge
The Globe shall Wreck, and Nature be in Pangs.
He Sails! see, where the Fugitives proud Barque

Cleaves

Cleaves the curl'd Wave, ſteddy afore the Wind,
They ſcudd, and leave the Dolphin's Leagues behind.
But there are Gods! there are! ——the Surges riſe,
And *Boreas* poſts to th' Fray, they toſs, they toſs,
Erynnis fires the Stern! now Floud or Flame!
They burn, ha, ha, how looks th' Adulterer now?

Ama. Thus with my groveling Limbs I'll ſtop your way,
Indulge your Paſſion, give your Fury ſcope,
But tread me firſt to death, then glutt of Grief,
And rave without Controul.

Qu. O *Amarante!*
Thy Love purſues me, though forſook of Heav'n.
Forgive my Rage, too ſlight for my Diſtreſs,
Oh Heavens! not intermiſſion of my Pain?
I can ſuſtain no more, Oh my ſick Soul!

Ama. Stop, as you prize your *Amarante's* life,
She dies, if you relapſe again to Rage——

[*Drawing a Ponyard.*

Qu. Ah! ſpare that Breaſt and I'll compoſe my Griefs,
Give me a moments ſpace to huſh the Storm.
Look, now I'm tame, calm as frozen Floud!
Nay I can ſmile——And yet a Tear will ſteal.
Let's talk my Girl, for now I can diſcourſe;
Begin——Or would'ſt thou hat I give a Theam?
Then deſcant on the Perjuries of men.

Ama. I wou'd preſcribe a Cure, not feed your Sorrow.
Forgive my buſy Love that has contriv'd
Without your knowledge to redreſs your Griefs.

Qu. Redreſs my Grief? 'Twas buſy Love indeed!
Call back the darted Cane, reſtore
The fore't Spark to its Flint, unite again
The gather'd Roſe to its ſtock and make it grow.

Ama. I've ſent for the fam'd Propheteſs, that keeps
Her dark abode in the *Diana* Vale;
With her I will adviſe of your diſtreſs;
Aw'd Nature truckles to her Myſtick Arts,
Her Spells controul the Winds, rebuke the Spheres,
Her Tyranny to th' inmoſt Soul extends,
She ſways our Paſſions, and to love or loath
Is in her Gift——but ſee ſhe has ſurpriz'd us

Enter Raguſa *with her Women; they whiſper at their Entrance.*

Qu. Our Houſhold Deities be firſt Atton'd
With Pray'rs and Incenſe, then wee'l prove her Art.
To the Diſtreſs'd one Refuge ſtill remains,
None are extreamly wretched that dare Dye!

[*Exit Queen, and* Amarante.

Raguſa *with her Women comes forward.*

Rag. With halting Pace at length we are arriv'd,
Nor wou'd have been at pains, but t'introduce
Confuſion, Famine, Drought, Infection, War;
The blaſted Graſs will ſhew where we have Journey'd,
And point Deſtruction out the readieſt Road.

1. *Wo.* The Batts before us in the Twy-light play'd,
And wanton Meteors tumbled o're the Lawns.

2. *Wo.* A ſtately Pile! ——— *Megera's* Torch ſet fire to't.

Rag. To work, to work, our Sorcerie's Maſter-piece.
Now quit ye well, or ne're ply Furnace more.

3. *Wo.* Our firſt Task is to Deſecrate the place,
And drive the Tut'lar Genius from his Charge, ———
That nought defeat our Charms.

4. *Wo.* As through the Portico we paſs'd,
With Scorpion's Bloud the *Lares* I defil'd,
And on their Necks hung Chains invisible.

1. *Wo.* I fixt a croſs Spell at the Palace Gate,
And Conſcious of its force the Statues fell.

Rag. To Eaſt and Weſt, North and South Points diſperſe,
And puff th'Enchanted Powders from your Flasks,
Whilſt here i'th' Center I reſide,
And from my hollow Breaſt pour Myſtick Rhimes
That wake the ſlumbring *Demons* into Yells.

The four Women diſperſe to each corner of the Stage blowing black Powders from Boxes, Raguſa *in the middle.*

2. *Wo.* The Ground's unhallow'd, and our Art works ſped,

But ha! Why droops the Miſtreſs of our Spells? [*To* Rag.
Thou'rt ſad and clouded with a ſuddain Gloom.
Rag. Daran long ſince forewarn'd me to expect
An end of my dark Reign, when I ſhould meet
Two ſnowy Kids milking a jet black Damm,
Which fatal Omen I beheld this Morn'.
Beſide, our Caldron where our Drugs we ſteep,
At Mid-night fell to boyling without fire;
Our Cell of late has oft been hung with Dew,
And ſeem'd to weep at our approaching Fate.
3. *Wo.* They're vain Portents, our Magick ſtill holds good.
4. *Wo.* Laſt Night a Village Shrew in Labour fell,
With a ſlight Charm I check't the haſtning Birth,
In vain *Lucina* was invok't, till I
Diſſolv'd my Spell, and then the Blouze was Laid.
1. *Wo.* A Wood-man as I gather'd Herbs, revil'd me;
But I obſerv'd him while he fixt a Ginn
Of ſteel indented to intrap the Wolf,
At firſt Cock-Crow I drew him from his Bed,
I'th' Engine lock't him faſt and left him yelling.
2. *Wo.* As from *Elorus* Cliffs I view'd the Floud,
Two Rival *Tritons* roſe with Lances arm'd,
And fiercely at each other ran a Tilt;
They bled, and with their Gore the Sea-weed ſtain'd,
Which at low Ebb I gather'd, a choice Drugg,
Whoſe vertue future practice muſt diſcover.
3. *Wo.* Whilſt penſive near a Pathleſs Vale I ſate,
A ſportive Vapour rowl'd along the Glin,
Its wild Capriches caus'd me to ſuſpect
Some frolick *Demon* acting in the Miſt,
Which ſummon'd by my Art t'appear, came forth,
Taught me new Spells, and hid i'th' fog again.
Rag. Proceed we then to finiſh our black Projects.
View here, till from your green diſtilling Eyes
The poyſonous Glances Center on this Bracelet,
A fatal Gift for our projecting Son;
Seven Hours odd Minutes has it ſteept i'th' Gall
Of a vile Moor Swine-rooted from his Grave.
Now to your bloated Lips apply it round,
And with th' infectious Dew of your black Breaths

Compleat its balefull force.

All Wo. Uh, uh, uh. [*Kissing the Bracelet.*

Rag. Now to your several Charges each repair,
E're second Crow expect me at the Cell;
But look you charm the Desart as ye pass:
For if Wolf howl, Fox bark, or Badger yelp,
You shall be Tenter-stretcht and hung i'th' Sun.

All Wo. Uh, uh, uh, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Soziman.

Soz. O Expectation! Torture of the mind!
Two hours, no more, divide me from my wishes.
But oh, how many minutes make those hours?
Time's sand falls grain by grain to him that waits
For Empire——I'm inform'd the Queen has summon'd
The Sorc'ress to consult——She's here.

Rag. There Son. [*Gives him the Bracelet.*
The King of Shades no richer Present drew
From his dark Store t' appease his Ravish't Bride:
It makes thee for seven Lustres more Immortal.

Soz. I am confus'd with Joy, but when I wake
From th' Ecstasy——

Rag. Wave thy vain thanks, and heed
The Charge I give; to Night at the third Watch
A pow'rfull Constellation Reigns, till then
Forbear to fix it to thy longing Arm.
Away, the Queen returns. [*Exit* Soziman.
'Twere a mean mischief and below my Art,
To ruine him till in close view of Empire,
But to prevent him in the Nick, just shooting
With the last stretch on his hard hunted Prey,
Is worthy of my Skill, and can almost
Provoke me 'gainst my Contract to a Smile.

Enter Queen and Amarante, *with Censers, as from Sacrifice.*

Qu. In vain we ply the Gods with slighted Incense!
Some Prodigy lurks in each Nook to fright me;
Ev'n now the Altar shook as I approacht,

As

As from the Lavar to bedew the Floor
I heav'd a Bowl, the Cryſtal Element
Converted in my Hand to putrid Gore,
[*Turns towards* Raguſa.
O Propheteſs powerfull in Myſtick Rites,
Be kind, and with thy ſacred Art aſſiſt
A ſuppliant Queen, and thou ſhalt be my Goddeſs.
Rag. How, Lady *Venus*, is your *Mars* prov'd falſe?
Drought on my pois'nous Drugs if ought I doe
T' oblige thee Queen, but for the dear Delight
Of miſchief, I'll aſſiſt thee, teach thee how
To mould his form in Wax by Art prepar'd
Of Viper's fat, and Gumm of *Stygian* Pines,
Which on a ſlow fire with due Rites diſſolv'd
Shall waſte his Entrails, melt his Reins t' a Gelly,
For Magick uſes Sovereign Ingredient.
Ama. Incarnate Devil!
Rag. Or if this Method like thee not, I'll teach thee
With bloud of Dragons to inſcribe his Name,
And ſtabb each Letter with envenom'd Needles.
That ſhall t' his thinking wound his Body o're
With Hornet's ſtings, theſe's ſport, ho, ho.
Qu. I ſeek not thee to enforce his Love,
But quench my own.
And therefore I entreat thee ſet a Spell
To keep him Port-bound, till I ſhall have wean'd
My froward Paſſion.
Rag. Port-bound ſhall he be!
I'll laſh the Coaſts with ſuch fierce Guſts from Sea,
'Tis odds I wreck his Navy in the Bay:
Nor without hope by th' by to endanger too
The Towers of *Syracuſe*, that guild the Clouds;
But to my Charm——Thus Circ'ling on my Staff.
——Daran *be'eſt thou far or near,*
Approach, I ſummon thee t' appear.

A Tune of horrour play'd, after which a Dwarf Spirit riſes.

Ha! what art thou? a Spirit of Earth or Air?
For ſize thou ſhoud'ſt be one of *Oberon*'s Train,

A Fai-

A Fairy Elf; but I remember not
T' have seen thee in the Ring on Rev'ling Eves,
Nor at the general Banquet in the Vale
By Moonlight; Dwarfin speak thy Name, and why
Thou dost usurp the Office of my Spirit.

Spi. I'm sent t' inform thee that the Pow'rs below
Demand thee, for thy Reign expires to Night.

Rag. Poysons and boiling Sulphur! heark the Spirit,
The Season's drawing on, permit me Live
To blast one Harvest more.

Spi. It is deni'd.

Rag. To force at least an Earthquake when I sink
To lay this stately Cittadel in heaps.

Spi. You may not, but this Night it shall become
A Scene of Treason, Rapes, and Massacres.

Rag. I shall not perish Singly then.

Spi. I've done.
And to my Charge return: at the third Watch
Expect me. [*Descends.*

Rag. Queen glorious tidings! bless the lucky hour!

Qu. What sayst thy Art?

Rag. This Night compleats thy Ruine —— keep the Secret.

Qu. Pernicious Hagg! a Guard here, seize the Witch.
[*Guard Entring,* Ragusa *vanishes.*
Vanisht? each minute of this dreadfull Night
Teems with some Miracle; where-e're I turn
Fate looks me in the Face.

Ama. Madam, the Prince.

Enter Brutus, Locrinus, Brutus *in a Sea Habit, speaks to Saylers at his Entrance.*

Bru. To your Posts Sirs, and make ready to weigh off
With the young Floud, expect me soon Aboard——
I've sworn, but dare not venture to her presence
Till with repeated Vows I'm arm'd a new.
{*Moves up to the Queen, they sit gazing a while.*
Madam———

Qu. Why in this Garb my Lord?

Bru.

Bru. Agues and Feavers! ſhe ſeems ignorant
To put me on the Torture of repeating
What with more pain I have already told,
Then raving Sibylls utter Oracles——
Think it not rudeneſs that I ſeize this Hand. { *Queen gives*
How I adore this Goodneſs——yet I wiſh { *her Hand.*
I had not——

Qu. Had not?

Bru. O there's Magick in't.

Qu. Then I'll withdraw't.

Bru. No, for you ſnatch my life too with it.

Qu. Why do you then complain?

Bru. It fires my bloud!
Revives the dear remembrance of thoſe Joys,
That never! never—Oh my Heart breaks. [*Riſing in a ſtart.*

Qu. You are diſcompos'd my Lord, pleaſe you retire
And reſt?

Bru. 'Twas a light ſwimming in my Head,
And to divert it I was forc't to move.
Your pardon Madam. [*Both ſit again.*

Qu. But my demand my Lord, why in this Garb?

Bru. Excuſe and pity me the Drudge of Fate,
Fate wantonly our *Alban* State o'rethrew,
And then with the vaſt Ruines cumbred me;
Seven tedious years have I the weight ſuſtain'd,
And muſt ſuſtain till on proud *Albion*'s Shore
I pour the Load and ſhake the burd'ned Soil.

Qu. My ſwelling Paſſions crowd each other's way, [*Aſide.*
And preſſing all for utterance, all are mute.

Bru. Empire cou'd ne'r have drawn me from your Feet
Were I the ſole Adventurer i'th' War,
But thouſands run the fortune of my Play,
And giving up the Game I break them all.

Qu. When will the ſtriving Thunder break and roar?
[*Aſide.*

Bru. Long have I ſtray'd from the rough Tracks of Honour
To revel in the looſer Vales of Love,
Careſs't like ſoft *Endymion* by a Goddeſs,
But now my glorious Toils I reaſſume;
Once more in Arms, new Liſted under Fame,

And with as many Oaths ſtand re-ingag'd
As Heav'n has Pow'rs——for I invok't 'em all.
Qu. Goe then Ingratefull, Falſe, Inhumane, goe,
[*Riſing in rage.*
Seek, ſearch your Fairy Kingdoms through the Flouds;
Truſt the falſe winds as I have truſted thee,
And periſh by 'em as by thee I periſh.
Bru. If like the Rocks relentleſs I muſt ſtand. [*Aſide.*
Make me, indulgent Gods, as Deaf as they!
Qu. Curſe on my ill-tim'd Hoſpitality,
I ſhould have join'd with th' angry Gods, and Fir'd
His Pirate Fleet, when ſtorm-driv'n on my Coaſt,
And Maſſacred his Legions in a Night.
Bru. Now Heav'ns your Aid to fix my wav'ring Heart——
[*Aſide.*
Qu. Yet perjur'd Prince at leaſt I will detain
This living Copy of your dear falſe Self [*Seizing* Locrinus.
To ſooth my ſorrows with the ſad remembrance
Of fatal pleaſures paſt.
Locr. Your pardon Madam,
I cannot loſe my ſhare i'th' *Albian* War;
Th' Inhabitants are all of monſtrous Size,
Like thoſe huge Sons of Earth that ſtorm'd the Heav'ns,
I long t' engage a Foe above my reach,
And dart my Rapier at a Giants Heart.
Qu. Your Father's wrongs will end me ſoon, and then
My Crown ſhall fall on you.
Locr. I cannot wait.
Let dull Heirs watch th' uncertain fall of Pow'r;
I'de force my Fortune, win the Crown I wear.
Qu. Think'ſt thou the Gods, if thus I am deſerted,
Will wink at ſuch ingratitude?
Locr. Dread Queen,
We take no final Farewell; when we have fixt
Our Reign in *Albion*, wee'l invade the *Gauls*,
Then ſcowr th' *Heſperian* Borders to this Iſle,
Till Conqu'ring back we viſit you again—— [*Steals off.*
Qu. Loſt Queen! both Gods and Men to thy requeſts
Are deaf——Once more I will attempt this Rock.
[*Turns to* Brutus.

The

The Neighb'ring Princes for your ſake rejected
On my forſaken Realm will pour their War,
And 'mongſt their Trophees Lumber drag me chain'd,
With whoſe bright preſence once they coveted
To grace their Thrones, and honour at my Feet
Their Crowns——But let 'em come, for to preſerve
My Dignity I'll die immur'd with Fire,
Theſe Golden Roofs ſhall burn my Funeral Pile;
Then as you ſail in dead of Night, ſurvey
From your tall Stern our flaming *Syracuſe*
Relentleſs, make advantage of our Fate,
And by our blazing Temples Steer your Courſe.

Bru. Away thou fooliſh Utenſil of War,
[*Throws away his Truncheon.*
I'll give my ſcatter'd Lawrels to the Wind,
Nor dy me more in ſlaughter——Fame can boaſt
No Charms like theſe, nor with ſuch bliſs reward.

Qu. The gratefull *Brutus* meant not to deſert
His hoſpitable Queen in her diſtreſs;
My conſcious Heart told me 'twas but Pretence
Yet——Truſt me Prince, 'twas cruel to pretend!
[*A mournfull voice from behind the Scene.*
Whence that ſad Cry?

Ama. From your *Argaces* Cell;
Thrice has his diſcontented Genius groan'd.

Qu. 'Twas to reprove and ſummon us to part.
Ah Prince, in vain our Loves with Fate contend;
Let's tack and ſtemm the ſtormy Tide no more.
Improve this Seaſon to oppoſe your Paſſion,
And bank againſt it now whilſt 'tis i'th' Ebb.

Bru. I'th' Ebb? witneſs the o'reflowings of my Heart,
Witneſs the Labour of each panting Nerve,
My glowing Art'ries and fermenting Bloud,
My Dreams all Night, and Muſings all the Day
Th' innumerable Deaths of ev'ry hour——

Qu. No more! I am convinc't you Love——too well!
Yet want the pow'r t' enjoin you Love me leſs.

Bru. O Rapture! killing Sweets and bleeding Joy:
[*It Thunders.*

Qu. More Prodigies! then Deſtiny's reſolv'd

On our Divorce——And I at laſt reſolve it too!
I'll take the Courage which this minute gives,
And while my Heart will ſerve me, ſay——Farewell!
Bru. Stay Queen, oh turn! Love's Farewell cannot paſs
So ſmoothly off! a thouſand thouſand ſighs
Shou'd interrupt and break the killing Sound,
Kiſſes ſhould ſtifle it, Tears drown it, oh, oh!——
Think not when baniſht from your ſight, I'll toil
For Empire, no, to the utmoſt North I'll roam,
Where no kind Sun ſhall thaw the Congeal'd Brook
To humour with ſoft Murmurs my Complaints;
Stretcht on its Bank I'll knit to th' Ground I preſs,
By the neglected Locks Froſt-bound to Earth!
Qu. You muſt not leave me with ſuch dire Reſolves,
You muſt my *Brutus* promiſe to part hence,
And live remov'd from your afflicted Queen,
Yet promiſe to Live happy too, you muſt,
'Tis all I ſhall enjoin you for my ſake
In your Eternal Abſence.
Bru. Bloud and Fire!
I am diſtracted——ſuch another Sound
And then your wretched *Brutus* is no more.
[*Ghoſt of* Aſaracus *riſes.*
Qu. Shield me ye Pow'rs, turn Prince and view your Friend,
Threat'ning and pointing to his bluſhing Wound.
Bru. Aſaracus! ——that e're that Form ſhould fright me!
Pronounce, what means this Viſit from the Grave?
Was then our Friendſhip of ſo ſtrong a Tye
That Death could not Divorce? Approach cold Shade,
And in my Boſom's warmth I'll cheriſh thee. [*Ghoſt Deſcends.*
Diſſolv'd, withdrawn diſdaining from my ſight
E're Fates important Meſſage was Deliver'd!
Qu. His ſpeaking Frowns his Embaſſy expreſt,
And the ſad Summons I've ſworn t' obey.
Bru. Ha, ſworn? recall inhumane Queen, recall
The wing'd Oath, e're it reach the Gods.
Qu. 'Tis fled.
Bru. Muſt then a raſh Vow interpoſe
'Twixt me and Life? Love ſpreads a Feaſt, but you
Fix Harpy Vows to drive me from the Dainties!

Qu.

Qu. Now ſacred Pow'rs if e're you will aſſiſt [*Aſide.*
Poor lab'ring Vertue, my reſolves ſecure!
Bru. Permit at leaſt your Slave the priviledge
To breathe his laſt Groans here!
Nor ſhall the dolefull Cry offend you long,
For groveling at your Feet his Griefs and he
Will rage themſelves into eternal ſleep.
Qu. Never was ſuch a Spectacle of Woe!
Time's ſelf muſt ſtand ſurpriz'd at our Diſtreſs,
And ſtop his Courſe to gaze on us as Wonders!
Riſe Prince, for we muſt yield to Deſtiny,
Scatter'd and driv'n by an Head-ſea of Fate;
Again I ſwear, that Sun ſhall be my Laſt
That next beholds your Navy in the Bay,
Take a quick Leave, or you reſolve my Death.
Bru. Oh Love!
Qu. O Death!
Bru. With what Regret I leave theſe Hills of pleaſure!
[*Leaning on the Queen's Breaſts.*
Myſterious Worlds where all the Seaſons meet,
The warmth of Summers, and the Winter's Snow.
Qu. Enough! diſmiſs me from the Rack—— Adieu!
Bru. One dear laſt Taſt of Bliſs.
Qu. Take, ſnatch it and away.
Bru. Yet one more Everlaſting Laſt.
Qu. I dare not for my Soul—— farewell.
Bru. Kind, Cruel Queen Eternally farewell. [*Exit.*
Qu. Racks, Daggers, Poyſon, —— Lead me *Amarante.*
Ama. Compoſe this Paſſion: whither?
Qu. Any whither.
To a Deſart, Death, Eternal Shades, Oh Torture! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Soziman.

Soz. This is my Dawn of Pow'r, th' approaching Glory
Dazles and wraps me into Ecſtaſy.
The lucky Minute's come, now for my Bracelet,
Which whilſt I wear it lockt to my left Arm
Treaſon ſhall ne'r annoy me, thus I bind [*Puts it on.*
My ſafety to me—— My Ambaſſadors
Shou'd now arrive———

Enter the Captain of the Guards.

Thy haſty looks prevent thy ſpeech,
And tell me they are come.

Capt. They wait with all their Troops at the North Gate,
Where I have plac't thin Guard, and thoſe made privy
To our Deſign; the reſt will be ſurpriz'd
And yield to unequal Pow'r.

Soz. Haſte and admit them.
Conduct 'em to the Cell, where they may ſeize
Their Royal Prize. I'll meet ye there. [*Exit Capt. o'th' Gua.*
Now comes my Tranſport! Ha, what ſuddain Cramp
Diſtorts my Nerves? I burn! my Heart bodes Death!
Hell, am I then mock't with a dream of Empire,
A Pageant Prince? the Monarch of an Hour?
Pernicious Beldame! 'tis the Bracelet! Oh
I'm poyſon'd! wrapt with hiſſing Snakes about,
Stung in each Pore——Furies and threat'ning Fiends
Around me glare——The Stars ſhoot madly down,
It Thunders, the o're-charg'd Clouds break, break and hurl
A ſhow'r of Sulphur on my Head! Fire, Fire!
[*Exit tearing his Hair.*

Scene drawing diſcovers the Cell, Queen and Amarante *come forward.*

Qu. Room, room, or I ſhall burſt, my Breaſt will rend
And ſcatter Wild-fires! ha, who nam'd the Prince?
Spight of our inauſpicious Stars he's brave,
Warlike and Soft——I cannot breathe without him.
Fly *Amarante* e're he reach the Port,
And die to hang the Heavier on his Feet.
Bid him return, the Queen has given him leave——
Raſh Maid come back! Is *Amarante* grown
So baſe as to officiate in my ſhame?
O raging miſery! when ſhall I have Reſt?
My ſorrows ſleep? they'l never, never ſleep;
Why this unkind Delay? did I not charge you
Fetch back the Prince? ——

Ama.

Ama. Yes, and he ſhall return.
Rather then Sail, his Fleet ſhall burn i'th' Bay.
Qu. Stay, I conjure you ſtay—What cruel zeal
Prompts you to ſtab afreſh my bleeding Honour?
Convey me to ſome diſtant Deſart ſhade,
Where I may rove through th'unfrequented Gloom,
And fright the liſt'ning Satyrs with my Cries.
Ama. Soft Muſick, and complaining Songs may calm
This Rage, I've known it a ſucceſsfull Charm.

Song. Written by Mr. *Wright.*

Bid the ſad forſaken Grove
To ſigh for ever, ſigh as much as I.
Bid the Dew fall, and the Skie weep apace,
Weep like the Queen of Love:
It cannot be more ſhow'ry then her Face.
Ah hapleſs Deity,
And ſtill more wretched 'cauſe ſhe may not Die.
Can there be further joy in the Celeſtial ſtore,
Now my beſt Heav'n Adonis *is no more,*
He is no more, no more!

Hark, methinks I hear each Tree
Murmur in Parts as ſighing Breezes riſe
And make (whilſt Time their nodding Branches keep)
A mournfull Symphony.
The Skies too find a thouſand Eyes to weep.
Ah you deceitfull Skies,
When my Adonis *fell where were thoſe Eyes?*
Can there be further joy in the Celeſtial ſtore,
Since the ſweet Youth Adonis *is no more,*
He is no more, &c.

An Alarm. Enter a Souldier of the Guard.

Sold. Treaſon, Treaſon! the Cittadel's betray'd,
Our Guards by th' *Agrigentines* are ſurpriz'd,
Part are corrupted and aſſiſt the Foe,
The reſt in vain reſiſt and Loyal die.
Ama. Your Cheek's rich Purple fades, your ſick'ning Eyes
Threat'n a fatal Change! Heav'n ſave the Queen!

Qu.

Qu. My malady at laſt has prov'd my Cure,
My Griefs at laſt have ſwell'd to that degree
To break my o're-charg'd Heart and give me Eaſe.
Death thou haſt ſhun'd me long, long fail'd my hopes,
But now I've ſeiz'd thee, and I'll hold thee faſt! [*Dies.*

Ama. Still pale—ha, ſpeechleſs too? Cold! Dead! ah Queen
Unkindly haſt thou ſtoln from life and me!
But I'll purſue thee ev'n to th' other World, [*Stabs her ſelf.*
And if Fate's malice can extend ſo far
Partake thy miſeries there. [*Dies.*

Alarm again. Enter the Ambaſſadors with Guards and Attendants.

1. *Am.* Let ſlaughter ceaſe, all ſheath your Conqu'ring Swords.
2. *Amb.* Proſtrate? Expir'd? then let the Conqu'rers bluſh!
Whilſt we ſo buſily engag'd i'th' Fight,
Death ſnatcht the Spoil and bore the Prize away.
1. *Amb.* O coſtly Pomp of horrour! none ſtand forth
T' interpret this dumb Scene?

Enter Soziman *with his Cloaths diſorder'd, Stabbing himſelf with a Dagger in each Hand.*

Soz. Here! here it heaves, but thus I give it vent;
Ha! how the Poyſon trickles!——What a Crack
Was there? Again? the Icy Region breaks,
Falls clatt'ring down, the frozen Ruines tumble,
And daſh the Seas to Heav'n.
Sev'n Suns dart through me with their ſcorching Rays!
My Sinews crack! my Bones in Splinters break!
Miſts, Sulph'rous Miſts confound and choak the Day!
Comets and fiery Spectres——the Earth yields,
We ſink, plunge Head-long to Eternal Deeps. [*Falls dead.*

2. *Amb.* Prodigious!
1. *Amb.* In Confuſion I am loſt.
For their Enterments we will firſt provide,
Then back to our expecting Court
With mourning Trumpets in ſlow Marches move,

Sad Cypreſs for Triumphant Lawrels wear.
And Fun'ral Flags for Conqu'ring Enſigns bear!

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

By *Ragusa* rising from under the Stage.

HO, ho! once more to th' hated Light I come
To visit ye, and learn the Poet's Doom;
E're I cou'd see the Fortune of his Play,
He broke my Charms and hurri'd me away.
The Critiques think I have usurpt their Right,
And all the mischief I have wrought to Night
Encroachment on their proper Province, Spight.
I know you do by long Prescription claim
A Priviledge to Censure, Rail and Dam;
You pay for Railing, on your Charges flout,
And 'tis but just you take your Pen'orths out.
Hard Fate of Poets! — but (to make't appear
Witches then Critiques more obliging are,)
I'll teach 'em the sure way to Libertie——
Let 'em henceforth each others Vouchers be;
For they are now so large a Party grown
As cou'd with Number bear the Critiques down.
Then on our Stage, th' Adventurers in Wit
Shall Trade secure,
And Triumph o're the Hogons *of the Pit.*

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